TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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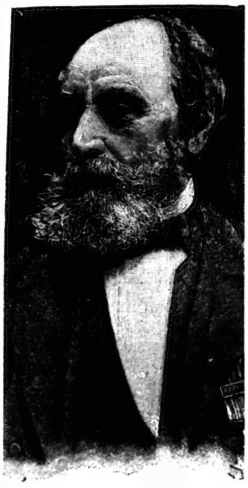
Around Town.

The City Council and the committees thereof are almost always willing to entertain propositions to reduce the revenue, but seldom to increase taxes by placing an extra impost on nuisances. Those vociferous persons who go about shouting "fresh fish, salmon trout and white fish, just from the lake, all alive," or "bananoes, sixteen for a quarter of a dollar," or "nice, fresh berries," and that sort of thing, had nerve enough to petition the committee in charge to have the tax on one horse pedlars' wagons reduced from thirty to ten dollars each. Either these people do enough business to keep things moving or they would retire from their calling and cease their ear-splitting



Sir William Dawson, President McGill University, Montreal.

cries. If their traffic is profitable they should pay a tax for disturbing the public peace, inasmuch as they have no shops and pay no taxes on a settled place of business. If it does not pay, our ears are rent for naught and they should quit their disturbing perambulations. There are no doubt some people who are so peculiarly situated that the pedlar is a convenience, but such customers pay for their anxiety to buy what they want at their door, and the pedlar in turn should pay something to the city government for being in opposition to men who are under great expense for rent and delivery wagons. Peddling in a city is almost invariably a nuisance, even when the itinerant merchant refrains from shouting the merits of his wares under the windows of sleeping citizens, who would gladly pay for the extermination of the whole tribe. With our finances in a deplorably bad condition, our ears raw and sore with the shrieking of these people, it would be wise to increase rather than diminish the tax.

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Some newspaper writers not overburdened with wit find the young Emperor of Germany a convenient butt for their ill-considered jokes. There was a time, before the world had reason to understand that the young Kaiser not only had ideas but ability, and a great deal of diplomatic shrewdness, when jokes about young Billy Hohenzollern were amusing, but the "travelling Emperor" has demonstrated his skill in sizing up the true meaning of international compliments by personally experimenting with the people of each country. He went to Russia and his reception there taught him that no matter how fairly and sweetly the Czar spoke to him, the people had no love for him or his house. His mother went to France surrounded by circumstances and international overtures of an artistic nature, calculated to flatter the French into as kindly a reception as possible. She barely escaped mobbing and the newspapers attacked her with a violence which thoroughly exemplified the deep seated hatred Frenchmen feel towards Germany. In Austria and the minor lands contiguous to Germany, the young Emperor has dropped the plummet into what seemed the still sea of public thought, and he would indeed lack skill were he unable to recognize the meaning of what resulted from his soundings. Last of all, having found the Triple Alliance his only hope in Europe, he went to England and there the grandson of Queen Victoria was received with royal acclaim. To the great mass of Englishmen he seemed almost one of themselves. He wore the uniform of a British admiral, as a nephew he appeared side by side with his uncle, the Prince of Wales; and as he reviewed the troops he was a king among kings. There are some who imagine that British diplomacy should have prevented such a manifestation of friendliness, but in the condition of modern affairs I imagine that sincerity and openness are a greater safeguard of peace than craft and concealment. Of course France and Russia are wild. They esteem Great Britain's approval of the young Emperor a direct insult to themselves. What matters it? Englishmen hate Russia and have a reason to. They have no reason to trust France. Associated with the Dreibund they can whip both of them. But there will be no war. Peace will be the result of the family gathering in Great Britain. The Queen is fond of her independent and sharp-tempered grandson and the spirit of the English people inclines towards him, for "Perfidious Albion" has no love for France, nor is there an Englishman from the clodhopper to the peer who would not rather enjoy a tussle with Russia. The latter spirit has been particularly manifested in the case of the Queen's son who married into the royal house of Russia. Both he and his wife are disliked in England, while the Emperor of Germany, not only for his grandmother's sake but for his own vigilant and confident attitude, is respected almost as much as if he were heir to the British throne instead of being Emperor of the next greatest nation—Germany. The travels of the young Kaiser have not been fruitless. Following the advice of the old king, he has gone abroad to see with how little wisdom the world is governed, and when he goes home he will understand the king business a good deal better than his neighbors do. Before he can graduate he should come to America and see how we do things here. Perhaps he might not learn much good but he would get points on a good many sharp practices.

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That Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner of Canada to Great Britain, should espouse the cause and earnestly defend the idea of Imperial Federation, to the Grit press and the French Canadian people, is a sin meriting dismissal. It seems to me that Sir Charles Tupper could not without forfeiting both his dignity and the sole purpose of his mission, be an annexationist. His detractors may preach that doctrine in Canada, but our commissioner certainly could not enunciate it in Great Britain. They denounce him as anxious to barter our liberties and sacrifice our autonomy for the paltry and empty honor of a voice in Imperial councils. No Imperial Federationist ever proposed that a single liberty that we now enjoy or a particle of the political independence which is ours should be forfeited in order to obtain closer political relations with the Mother Land, or to obtain commercial facilities such as would be certain to direct emigration to our shores and furnish a preferential market for our products. It is entirely in accord with all the rules of propriety and patriotism that Sir Charles Tupper should be an Imperial Federationist. The Governor-General is an almost meaningless link between the Mother Land and Canada. The High Commissioner has thrice the commercial importance attached to his office and is thus the other and stronger link. If we intend to preserve the links certainly we should not expect the High Commissioner, any more than the Governor-General, to utilize his place except to maintain the relations now existing, and in those respects in which they are insufficient and unsatisfactory to urge that they be strengthened and invested with greater meaning, both from a commercial and patriotic standpoint. Unfortunately those who oppose Imperial Federation can, in a few lines, pen a sneer which may take a world of argument to answer, but fortunately there is an impulse in the hearts of those who are making the British colonies great the world over, which cannot be sneered away and commercial instinct, perhaps stronger than sentimentalism, has led every inquiring mind to a study of facts, resulting in the discovery that not only is Imperial Federation the result of an affectionate desire, but would result in enhanced commercial prosperity. This argument, of course, is based upon the idea that there can be no Imperial Federation, either desirable or lasting, in which the Motherland does not prefer her colonies and receive their products under more favorable terms than will be granted to foreign countries. Trade has followed the flag; the flag must yet protect the trade, not only from brigands and pirates on the sea, but from nations which, with all the instincts of the buccaneer, would seize everything and give nothing in return.

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The French-Canadians hate Imperial Federation because their political leaders have all declared themselves against it. Why? Because they hate everything British and would like the present condition of affairs to continue in order that they may enrich the Church and impoverish the Dominion by their peculiar political methods—methods which include boodling as the chief duty of a member of Parliament, and capacity for unscrupulous intrigue as a statesman's main requisite. Imperial Federation, it must be admitted, might make a change in our own provincial arrangements. This change would tend towards a larger autonomy with regard to the Empire than we now enjoy, and with greater and better defined liberties French Canada might be pinched. That she hates the idea is proof enough that she knows that what is more British than we now enjoy would be more just. Those who are afraid of Imperial Federation should take the hint; they can well afford to love the scheme for the enemies it has made, and amongst those enemies can be found the alien disturbers of our domestic peace.

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When a well known writer described Ottawa as a snow-clad lumber village, he could not have seen the city of fifty thousand people as it now nestles by two of the most picturesque rivers in the world, surrounded by tree-clad hills and green meadows, than which there are no more beautiful to be found in the whole wide world. It is true that rocky fields and stony roads are concealed from the general view "by distance and an azure hue." It is like everything else in the Capital city, there is much that cannot be seen. The festive life of the member of Parliament and the Civil Service is more inviting when seen from afar than when examined by the inquisitive observer, who has opportunities to look over the walls of conventionality and see what is behind the barriers guarding official life from the public gaze. Ottawa is a rather pleasant place to live in despite its isolation. The Civil Service is composed of men of more than average intelligence, and Mrs. Civil Servant is generally a woman of considerable culture and ambition. To one anxious to know what the better class of people think and how they act, Ottawa affords advantages which Toronto, though four times the size, can hardly be said to afford. The amount of contact one has with reputable and thoughtful people is of more importance in a social and intellectual way than the size of a city. Being thrown upon their own resources the members of the civil service, though divided into many casts as is rendered necessary by the great diversity of origin, stick closely to one another and while they participate in many social entertainments given by people greatly outranking them in wealth and position, they live in a rather quiet way and only the foolishly ambitious ones outstrip their income. Ottawa, socially, despite the many assertions to the contrary, is in one sense a democratic place and wealth has less to do with creating a position for those who are anxious to enjoy life amidst the best surroundings than in any other city in Canada. It not being a city of millionaires, but everything having a certain political tinge, the aristocracy of wealth is not dominant and conditions

Sir Daniel Wilson, President Toronto University.

exist which we can hardly appreciate, and there is a sort of good fellowship existing between members of Parliament and of the Civil Service that has protected many a favorite from well deserved dismissal.

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Socially, the Capital has many temptations, the strength of which we can hardly estimate. A small certainty in the way of a livelihood has always been reckoned a dangerous thing. This "small certainty" has its attractions inasmuch as civil servants, though not hoping for much, feel sure that while they retain their position they shall never be left with nothing. As a rule they stick to one another with extraordinary fidelity. While there are many dissensions in each department and politicians scramble for the higher places with an eagerness which is too keen to be always honest, there is an unwritten code which prevents what schoolboys call "splitting" and little misses stigmatize as "tattling." There may be a general knowledge throughout a whole set, of irregularities and these irregularities may be the subject of considerable gossip, yet it would mean social ostracism if anyone were to inform on his fellow clerk or to refuse absolution for venal sins to an underling. Protected by this unwritten law our Capital, as is the case with every other capital, has made it easy for civil servants to conceal their peccadilloes and difficult for politicians to apprehend with any degree of certainty the misdeeds of departmental attaches. There are many of those employed by the Government so thoroughly honorable that the general stigma of corruption which recent disclosures have cast upon every department, must be like gall and wormwood to them, yet I doubt if any of them have been unaware of the irregularities which have been disclosed or are likely to be made public before the avalanche of scandal "sweeps bare the mountain side."

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The Capital is a little world of its own. It is more cosmopolitan than any other city, inasmuch as the whole country has been recruited to make up its population. A pleasant contact comes of this cosmopolitanism, but ills are born and scandals breed in every atmosphere in which people live, presumably protected from the breezes of public opinion which may blow outside, and almost independent of those cyclones of public censure which may rage elsewhere. The exclusiveness of Civil Service life in Ottawa is dangerous; it appears to each one that the general opinion in that circle represents the opinion of the nation. It is not so. Nothing is so likely to mislead as an idea that what is held by a little circle is the voice of the whole people. That Civil Service ideals have done much to form the opinion of our members of the House of Commons, goes without saying. A man could not be more isolated from public opinion—that is, genuine public opinion—anywhere in Canada than at Ottawa. Newspapers are subservient, society is to a certain extent sycophantic, the men rely upon club life for their criticism, and the essence of the whole matter is that there are too few restraints, too much laxity, too much falsity in a city where the member of Parliament is generally away from his wife, and wine and frivolous society and all their concomitants have so much to do in directing the lives of people and shaping the ends of legislation.

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While in Ottawa last week a friend of mine said to me, when I asked what would be the results of the recent developments: "Oh, it is a mere incident. It will not be difficult to dispose of it." I ventured to quote a couple of very suggestive lines from Excelsior:

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch,
Beware the awful avalanche."

It seems to me that the withered branch has fallen but the awful avalanche is yet to come. Scandals load the air. There is no department which is said to be unassailable. Social as well as commercial lapses are freely quoted, and there is nothing too indecent to be suggested. Some years ago I sat in the press gallery through the major part of two sessions and have some data by which to gauge the assertions which are current. I am sorry to say that if an era of exposure is beginning many improprieties, some of them very shocking, will be revealed. Yet we would be a nation of innocents were we to believe that government could be carried on without manifestations of those human weaknesses which are almost invariably connected with men of brains and individuality. If a scandal parliament has been inaugurated we shall learn, not what is peculiar to the period under inspection, but what is not uncommon to all capitals but is more or less a portion of the experience of all legislators.

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I am sorry that good people, pious people, conscientious people are not always elected to Parliament. Somehow, even those who are not scorned by their neighbors because they are not good enough in a religious or temperance sense, but who are thoroughly clean and upright in the commercial sense, find no strength in their record and no attractiveness in their patriotism. To be a successful politician when there are no grand issues before the people, means merely the exercise of hypocrisy and the defence of evil. Party spirit is sufficient to sway old partizans, and hypocrisy and the defence of evil can be relied upon to procure a majority. This is a sickening fact—sickening because it is a fact. Dirty things get to Parliament on this basis. They get office because they have not decency enough to vote according to set principles, but have recklessness sufficient to insure recognition from party leaders.

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French-Canadian advocates, briefless lawyers, mouthy adventurers go to Ottawa and stand in the market place ready to be bought. They make no secret of it. Any scoundrel can go down to Ottawa and have a score of them sworn in his service within an hour if he has money and is not obtrusively a Protestant. The first and easiest to obtain are those who are conscience-stricken with regard to French Canada. They are ready to jump over the fence whenever a demagogue offers a French-Canadian resolution. They are there to be bought and all they want is an excuse. Purchasers are not rare and unfortunately for the Conservative party, scandals are common.

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For my own part, I think Mrs. Perley was quite as justifiable in receiving Murphy's diamonds as Lady Macdonald was in receiving those presented by the Canadian Pacific Railway. When Sir Hector Langevin accepted twenty-five thousand dollars from contractors, he set an example likely to be followed by other people, particularly his subordinates. Whenever a member of the Government permitted the tempter to place his bait within their reach, the underling had reason to estimate the profit accruing to an easy conscience. In the old play of Faust, Mephistopheles uses a box of jewelry to tempt the virtuous Marguerite. In the modern play of politics we find the same baubles used to dazzle the eyes of the women who rule men. The whole thing is of the devil's invention, and so palpably so that we wonder that the scheme does not become time-worn. Yet women love precious stones and too often forget the precious virtues.

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Cameron of Huron has sounded the key note. He says that to the victor belongs the spoils and the offensive partizans shall be ruthlessly discharged when the Liberals come into power. I cannot blame him. The principle is, within reasonable limits, correct, but now it is used as a threat. Worse still, it is a notification to the members of the Civil Service that betrayal of their principals may save the informer from the Grit knife. All Ottawa is alarmed; chief clerks and deputies wonder what will be the result. Mr. Cameron has made it apparent that to survive the cyclone that he and his party hope to produce, clerks must become informers—the "Carey's" of their department. All this may have its influence; the cyclone may come—in fact has come—exposures of wrong doings which are not uncommon to governments will be the result; but let it not be whispered in Gath nor mentioned in the streets of Askalon that this sort of thing shall govern Canada. Not the corruption of departments, though it may prove that more efficient ministers should be in charge, but the main aim of the Government is to be considered. It is worthless to be pure departmentally if we are unpatriotic nationally. The small things we lose in matters of detail are altogether insufficient to counterbalance the great things we sacrifice should the whole country be offered as a free-for-all purse in the political race for annexation. Corruption such as has already been exposed is a vile thing, but to throw the whole of Canada into the lap of the country that bred the loathsome brood of Nicks and Nicks and Murphys who have been robbing us, tempting our officials and betraying their victims, would be a thousandfold worse.

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The Government may be overthrown—it certainly will be unless it purges itself of every rascal in it, of every corrupt employee in its service, of every unclean thing for which it can be held responsible. Premier Abbott and Sir John Thompson have pledged themselves to do this and we may rely upon it being done. It may be too late to save the Government from defeat but it is not too late to save it from disgrace. The Government motto now, at least, is, "Turn the rascals out." It is to be hoped that the country may not in its wrath turn around and put a fresh gang of rascals in.

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If asked what I would rather be or go flashing, I certainly should not want to be a school teacher. Perhaps if I could be a schoolmistress I should dislike the task less than being a schoolmaster. For a grown man to teach the A B abs to assorted youngsters seems below his dignity, just as a strapping fellow at the ribbon counter of a dry goods store seems to be taking the bread out of the mouth of the little woman who ought to preside there. My experience as a school teacher is something I seldom refer to, most of it having been of a rural sort, where I underwent inconveniences such as are not suffered by those who have the higher rooms in a graded school. Men who teach boys, professors who in colleges have young men as students are rather favored than otherwise. The objection to school teaching lies in the fact that the ordinary teacher is forced to associate with minds far below his or her capacity, and this has a tendency to warp and contract the larger intellectuality. When we have to get down to minds that have not experienced the same growth as our own, or have no power to grasp the things which are easy to us, the uplifting and exaltation of work which requires our every energy and the use of our best powers, is lacking. The man who teaches the primary classes for ten years will be stamped all over with the word "schoolmaster." He talks to his friends as if he were teaching an infant class, goes into details when telling a story and is so exact and explanatory that he becomes a bore. In fact, he becomes fit to associate with no one older than the scholars he teaches, just as we become unfit to associate with anyone better than the companions an intimacy with whom has formed our character. I am not particularly fond of the schoolmaster of this sort; he is too didactic, too overbearing, too apt to treat his associates as if they belonged to an inferior race. Even the schoolmar'm, with her pretty assumption of dignity

Principal Grant, President Queen's University, Kingston.

and a tendency to be daintily dictatorial, may carry it too far, but as a rule she is a very interesting young woman. In country places she is apt to be the belle of the district, and in cities to be a trifle less frivolous than the great sisterhood who have no more serious or intellectual task than selling dry goods or wearing them.

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Toronto has welcomed right royally I hope the school teachers who have come in thousands to the national convention. Our streets have never been so learnedly gay as while the pretty misses and the sedate masters and the grave and reverend professors have walked about, gazing curiously at unexpected evidences of

Canadian civilization. It has been largely a picnic party and a very extensive one. I do not think our lady visitors are quite so healthy and active as our own girls. Toronto has the most beautiful women in the world, women whose every motion seems healthful. To use a rural expression, our girls are "better complected" than the bilious young ladies from the other side. I am free to confess, however, that some of the Yankee girls carry themselves more gracefully and wear their clothes more stylishly than the feminine school teachers of Ontario. Another thing that is quite noticeable, though I should blush to confess to noticing such details, is that the Yankee young woman is better shod and is seldom, if ever, frayed about the edges of her gown and the what-do-you-call-'ems that she wears right under it. She is not afraid to array herself in somewhat startling colors, but as a rule she is successful in producing a prettier effect with a cheap gown and a none too expensive hat than her Canadian sister is able to produce. However, I reserve most unhesitatingly the palm for good looks for our own girls. The man school teacher from abroad, in nine cases out of ten, looks like a farmer. The men of the United States who live outside of the larger cities are badly dressed. They wear ready-made clothing and they wear it too long. I do not mean too long in the waist but too long per annum. They shave irregularly and appear to be too little acquainted with the use of both the tooth and clothes brush. People laugh at Englishmen "tubbing" themselves so often, but what is more wholesome-looking than a well groomed man who either wears clothes which do not show the dust or keeps them carefully brushed. Another point of difference which no doubt our citizens have noticed, is the tendency of the American man to wear his linen after it takes on a brunette tinge around the edges. This of course does not apply to the residents of large cities. New York I believe has the most carefully dressed men in the world; Bostonians are very careful; in Chicago the men are very flashy But the "over-worn" rule applies almost invariably to country places, particularly in the south and west. The day before yesterday's shine on the boots becomes much obscured in the meantime. A bi-weekly shave is scarcely sufficient to keep the face clean. The use of the clothes brush on Sundays alone will hardly freshen up a suit of clothes, and it must be admitted that it is hardly safe in warm weather to wear a collar more than a week.

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Outside of these trifling criticisms, which are made merely as a matter of comparison, there is a shrewdness, an alertness, a self-confidence, something akin to aggressiveness noticeable in our American visitors. In very few states is the educational system to be for a moment compared with that of Ontario, yet the teachers have so much energetic individuality that they impress what they know and which they feel so absolutely sure of. They teach with all their might; they demand a response from their pupils and considering the difference in their scholastic attainments, are as a rule ahead of Canadian teachers. There seems to be an electrical thrill running through the whole nation to the south of us, and the sparks fly in the schoolroom as well as on the busy streets and amid the deafening uproar of stock exchanges. In fact, they have a "go" in them that we sometimes lack. They are not afraid to tackle big things and to teach every little bit they know of everything. And again I repeat, they demand a response; they won't let boys and girls sit like bumps on a log. Everybody has to have some snap. I like this. We need more of it. The very conventionalities which demand such strict attention to the shine on our shoes and the complexion of our collar, permeate our whole system. Mother Grundy is our head schoolmistress and old Daddy Stick-in-the-mud is too often our schoolmaster. I hope the "gimp" and "go" of our visitors will waken up Toronto school teachers.

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Then there are the older men and women who have been here. As a rule they know their business. They have made teaching their profession and as one newspaper remarked, they are the teachers of teachers, or even the teachers of the teachers of teachers. Toronto has been proud to have them here, and the citizens have opened their houses and made everybody welcome. As far as I can learn Toronto people volunteered to accommodate in private houses ten thousand schoolmistresses—a noble response. Toronto folks have no idea how much good the decency of the city's hospitality will do to us as a people, and to Toronto as the educational capital of Canada. The ten or fifteen thousand teachers will go back and tell a million and a half of the children of the United States that this is no mean city, and within a month from the opening of school young Yankeedom will know more about Canada than their fathers ever did. No better way could have been selected to impress our neighbors with the fact that we are very much like them and very well worthy of their respect, than the holding of the Teachers' Convention in Toronto. Possibly if we could get ten thousand newspaper men here they would write a good deal about their visit, but they are not so simple in their habits, so easily satisfied, so apt to continue to talk on any one topic as the school teachers are. It has been a good thing for Toronto, and it is to be hoped that our visitors will all go away happy and will add to their knowledge of this country by visiting other portions of it.

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Last week I spoke of Sir Richard Cartwright having raised the flag at the Dominion Day celebration in Barrie. My correspondent was not quite clear on the point and he corrects me by saying that it was Sir Cornelius Kortright, ex-Governor of British Guiana. I wondered at the time how Sir Richard Cartwright could have lent his services to anything so patriotic as a flag raising on Dominion Day. It is certainly very unlike him, and I am told that the leading Reformers and one of the Reform newspapers, together with the national societies which seem to exist to perpetuate old country notions, all hung back. Under the circumstances, Mr. J. C. Morgan, the inspector of schools, is deserving double credit for the success of his effort.

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Those in favor of the city retaining its street railway franchise are evidently prepared to go to great lengths in order to defeat the successful tenderers. I will admit that I cannot comprehend the ocean of figures the experts have presented, nor have many of the citizens time to study out the report, much of which is based on supposition and is therefore not a reliable factor. That the Kiely-Everett tender is the better one has been the decision of those who pretend to understand, and the committee who have the matter in charge have voted in favor of the acceptance of this tender. The disappointed tenderers are naturally angry and it is very probable that their disappointment, rather than their knowledge of any incriminating facts, gives birth to the charges of boodling made so recklessly against their successful competitors. Of course such charges having been made, they should be investigated, but it seems unlikely that men who have put in a straight, as well as the best, tender, should have to resort to the purchase of aldermanic influence in order to have it accepted. If they were the unsuccessful tenderers, or if they were men without the means of carrying out a contract, or if they were not the men with the greatest possible experience in street car matters, or indeed if they had not everything in their favor as compared with the other tenderers, one might see some reason for believing that to obtain the desired franchise illegitimate methods were found necessary. SATURDAY NIGHT has not been entitled to boom any set of rumors attack the reputation of men standing high in the community, who have put in the only bid with plenty of money and experience behind it, no newspaper should overlook the matter. If there has been any boodling done let it be traced to its origin, and those things which are quoted as suspicious circumstances may be found to be tricks deliberately done to injure the chances of the successful tenderers. Such things have before now been known in business and politics. The scandals at Ottawa have disturbed the public mind, and we are perhaps too prone to believe the stories we hear of local magnates being bribed. If the Kiely-Everett tenderers clear their skirts of these charges, I am quite sure that the people of Toronto would rather see them than any of the others obtain the franchise, for we know what Mr. Kiely can do towards giving us a first-class street car service, and the gentleman associated with him has had even wider experience. This much can be said without at all underrating the merits of the excellent gentlemen who have made bids, and I imagine this city is not in any humor to be experimented upon by amateurs.

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The Esplanade by-lay was passed on Thursday in spite of the wide-spread dislike and suspicion of the civic administration felt by the great majority of the citizens. It does not vindicate the administration but it is to be hoped it settles a portion, at least, of the long-vexed Esplanade difficulty. Let us thank Heaven for that.

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Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$48 50
Workingman	1 00
H. Workingman	5 00
Ontario Street	1 00
"H"	5 00
Total	$60 50

DON.

Three Canadian University Presidents.

Portraits of three of Canada's great *savants* may be interesting in the present event of the National Education Association's convention. All three are well known contributors to scientific and general literature. Sir Daniel Wilson and Sir William Dawson are chiefly famous as biologists. Sir Daniel is also an accomplished Shakespearean scholar, and as an archæologist there is no higher authority. He also writes poetry which is polished and philosophical. Sir William Dawson has combated with success materialism and materialists. The great Gladstone considers him without a peer as a biologist. The words of Principal Grant as he spoke last Tuesday are still ringing in the ears of our American visitors. He is an authority on politics and economics, and his contributions are well known in the American magazines and reviews.

Social and Personal.

The members of the Reception Committee who had the social and personal part of our week's entertaining on their hands, may now rest from their labors, satisfied that their guests will return with ardent gratitude the kindness they have received during the past week in Toronto, should fate ever lead any of us north, south, east or west where our guests are, as they say, located. The stout couple from San Francisco who trudged perspiring in search of the kindergarten sessions until he was reduced to swearing and she to tears, will have cause to remember their deliverance if ever I go their way, and the "tired out" girls from Kentucky won't forget the pleasant afternoon we spent together, nor yet that grim-faced maiden who, in response to a valiant enquiry as to what I could do for her, said forcibly, "*Well, I d like* to go *somewhere!*" I was very frightened, but suggested the Granite Rink and then a drive, for which we made up a party and which she owned to enjoying. I think one could scarcely find brighter and more self-reliant women than have trudged our streets for the past five days, and their universal approval of us and their gracious commendation of our city as a "right smart town" and a "healthy spot," must have given some satisfaction to those who believe the sun rises only to light up Toronto. The Western women, with their keen, observant glances and their wonderful resource, have been like a page in a new book to me. Samanthy Allens and Betsey Bobbetts have faced me like ghosts come back to earth, and the unusual "Yes, ma'am," has raised the grin on my countenance more than once. And the family party, the portly father, the delicate mother, the teacher son and the kindergartener daughter, did you not see them riding on Jarvis street, and hear them, as a lady cyclist flitted by, exclaiming: "Say, drivah, halt till we see the young lady. Well, I do vow, if that ain't too cunning for anything!" "Your people are dreadful religious, I notice," said a Hoosier schoolmistress to me. "Seems thar's a meeting-house on every corner." "Would you like to go in and see this one?" I enquired. "No, ma'am. I'm no ways interested in it. But if you'd *direct* me to a good shop I'd care to do some buying, and if you'd tell me a good dressmaker to make me some suits!" I left her quarreling with a fashionable *modiste* over the length of her skirts. She intended to have them short enough. "Why," she said conclusively, "I've *got* feet, and everyone knows it. *'Taint as if they were curiosities.*" At that I left, a demoralized member of the Reception Committee. Their business like and commonsense directness are new and curious in those Canadian eyes which see them for the first time, but we can no doubt learn many a lesson which will do us good from our frank and plain-phrased visitors. A goodly crowd were in the Granite Rink last night when we went in to see the exhibit. It was well worth a visit both in admirableness of material and arrangement. In fact, the whole convention reflects credit on those bright men and women who have contributed of their time and brains and generous hospitality to carry it to its successful termination.

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Mrs. William Crowther and family have gone to Old Orchard for the summer.

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Mrs. J. F. H. Gunn has left Pt. Sandfield for Southampton.

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Mrs. Young, wife of D. Young, leaves next Tuesday for Ocean Grove, New Jersey, on a visit of four or five weeks. She will be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Jennings.

* * *

Mrs. R. B. Linton has gone to visit her son, Mr. Charles H. Weeks, at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

* * *

Mrs. Henry D. P. Armstrong and daughter, accompanied by Miss Skae, are sojourning at the Bay View House, Maine.

* * *

Miss Cochrane of Rochester, N. Y., will be the guest of Mrs. Kenneth T. Stewart, who is summering at Sutton West for some weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. T. Frederick Webb of Avenue road, Miss Rosaline and Mr. C. W. Webb left last week for Colborne, Presqu' Isle and the Thousand Islands on a six weeks' trip.

* * *

Miss Fannie Cartwright of Kingston, daughter of Sir Richard Cartwright, is visiting at Center Island, the guest of Miss Barclay.

* * *

Mr. A. C. Winton of 32 Halton street has taken up his quarters for the holidays at Mrs. Durnan's, Hanlan's Island.

* * *

Melville & Richardson, the Toronto general steamship agency, report the following cabin passengers booked for Europe last week: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blair Browning, Dr. Middleton, Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Dr. Lester, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Beardmore, Miss Constance and Masters Willie and Charlie Beardmore, nurse and infant, Mr. Warring Kennedy, Miss Clark, Miss Patterson, Mrs., Miss and Miss Maurice Wellings and infant, Dr. McLaren, Mrs. O'Donoghue, Mrs. S. J. Boyd, Mr. Grandringe, Mrs. V. G. and Miss Wilson, Mrs. Hugh McMahon, Dr. and Miss Thomson, Mrs. Rose, Mr. F. Lee Morris, Mr. H. Crellingham.

* * *

Mr. Ignatius Kormann, a native of Alsace, Germany, but residing in Toronto for the last sixteen years, died suddenly last Saturday of heart failure.

* * *

Mrs. Charles F. Wagner of 726 King street west has left for a visit with her sister-in-law, near Barrie.

* * *

Mr. Caulfield of 60 Grenville street and a party of friends have gone to Muskoka for the holidays.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fitch and Mrs. Hetherington of Jarvis street are at Caledonia Springs. They intend spending the remainder of the season at Cacouna.

* * *

Mrs. Savigny is at the Sand Banks, Prince Edward County.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Catto of Boswell avenue are at Port Carling. Mr. Edward and Miss Maud Blackhall of Wood street are also summering at Port Carling, Muskoka.

* * *

Miss Maud Ellisson of Boswell avenue is visiting friends at Paris, Ont.

* * *

The long looked for Progressive Euchre party was held at the Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, on Tuesday evening last. Mr. Seely B. Brush, who had kindly undertaken to make all arrangements, conducted the game and presented the prizes at the close. The hotel parlors were brilliantly lighted and nicely decorated. The first lady's prize was won by Miss Maud Pearson and the gentleman's by Mr. Charlie Hall. The latter was a handsome walking stick and the former a souvenir spoon, both having been generously given by Mr. Benjamin Kent. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. Roper, Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. R. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. James Hewlett, Mr. and Mrs. George Lugsdin, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Miles, Miss Strauss, Miss Sparrow and Miss Perse.

* * *

Mr. Charles H. Murdoch and family are spending the summer at their residence, Maccassa Point, Muskoka.

* * *

Miss Alice M. Gray, daughter of Major H. A. Gray, C. E., 151 Sherbourne street, arrived home on Monday last from Sydney, Cape Breton, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Henry S. G. Gray, paying teller of the Bank of Hamilton in this city, who has been spending a portion of his holiday in the Lower Provinces.

* * *

Miss Jessie McDonald of Buffalo, N. Y., a niece of Mrs. Gray, will spend her vacation with her uncle and aunt at 151 Sherbourne street.

* * *

Miss Campbell and Miss Strange have returned from their three months' trip abroad.

* * *

Mrs. and Mr. H. Cawthra of Beverley street have returned from their trip round the world over the new C. P. R. service.

* * *

Mr. Clayton of Ottawa is staying with Mrs. Vankoughnet on John street on a three weeks' visit.

* * *

Mrs. Heron of Ottawa is staying with her mother, Mrs. Gordon Brown, on St. George street.

* * *

The Misses Homer-Dixon gave a dance on Thursday evening to the combined teams of American and Canadian cricketers who have been playing the annual international match. Several ladies were invited, and notwithstanding the warm weather a most enjoyable time was spent, and the spacious grounds came in as a welcome requisition for those who found it too hot to dance.

* * *

Miss Fahey of John street is visiting friends in Port Perry.

* * *

I went to the Island on Saturday evening to see for myself the delights of the sand bar. Picture to yourself my astonishment, who have not visited the Center Island for two or three years, when I landed on the new quay and followed the crowd of city folks through the smooth grass-grown expanse of the Island Park which seemed to my amazed eyes a sort of mirage, ready to fade into the sandy hummocks and bare patches of some seasons ago. It is really pretty, really clean, and really a credit to its active and enthusiastic authors. The orchestra guided my steps to the ball-room over the boat houses, where in becoming blazers and white flannel nether garments the sterner sex were dancing attendance on their fair visitors. Mr. James P. Murray—a staunch believer in and a good advertisement of the benefit of lake side living—gave me a hearty welcome; in fact heartiness and enjoyment were conspicuous everywhere. The dancing floor is smooth and springy, and the merry couples who flitted over it in the lawn and flannel of a charming *neglige* were, if rather warm, brimming with fun and happiness. These weekly concerts and hops are a bright spot in the summer's dullness for the Islanders and their city friends.

* * *

Mr. John Gray of the Dominion Bank is away for a holiday visit in the country.

* * *

Mr. Anderson of the Dominion Bank has returned to his post.

* * *

Mr. T. F. Gunson is away on a fishing tour.

* * *

Mr. D. S. Wedd is away with a yachting party.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denison have taken the water trip to Chicago.

* * *

Mr. and Miss Horrocks of Grenville street are visiting at St. Catharines.

* * *

Mrs. R. S. Neville and family are at the Sand Banks.

* * *

Rev. Street Macklem and Mrs. Macklem have returned from Europe. Mrs. Macklem has been much benefited by the visit, and the rector is as energetic and earnest in his work as of old.

* * *

Mrs. and Miss E. Clarke of Ontario street are holiday making in Oakville.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. James Pringle and family have been staying at Center Island.

* * *

Miss Bessie Williams of 23 Grosvenor street has gone to reside in New York.

* * *

Mr. J. A. H. Campbell and wife of York, Pennsylvania, are visiting Toronto for a few days.

* * *

In the death of John Sinclair, an exceedingly popular citizen passed away. His brother, one of the most popular artists in Toronto, died not long ago much regretted by all who knew him. The late John Sinclair was treasurer of Dorie Lodge, a member of St. Andrew and St. John's Chapter, Geoffrey de St. Aldemar Pre-

(Continued on page Eleven.)

Queen's Royal Hotel

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Hops Every Saturday Evening During the Season

McGaw & Winnett
PROPRIETORS

JACKSON'S POINT
LAKE SIMCOE

This favorite resort is being made more attractive than ever. The hotel has been refitted, the grounds have been laid out anew, six new cottages are ready to be let, lots can be had for a trifle, a planing mill is on the ground, and material for building can be had for half of city prices.

Steamer Kendrick connects with Barrie, Orillia, Bradford and Beaverton. Direct train connection via Midland Railway to Jackson's Point twice daily. Summer tickets for fifty miles at commuted rates.

Apply for terms, etc., W. S. RAMSAY, Sutton West.

Canning and Preserving
By MRS. S. T. RORER

A book for every woman who expects to put up fruit and vegetables for next winter's use. Here are plenty of choice recipes with such full directions that no one can go wrong. This means a great deal to the housekeepers—a saving of dollars and cents.

Cloth, 75c. Send price and receive it free of postage.

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Our piano is a distinctly original creation, and embodies points of art in its construction possessed by no other piano on the continent.

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JOHN T. TOWERS, Master,
Leaves Hamilton 10 a.m., Toronto 4 p.m., every Saturday for Kingston, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Montreal. Fare from Hamilton, $8; return, $15. Fare from Toronto, $7 50; return, $14. For freight or passage apply to W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street, Toronto, or at Geddes' Wharf.

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The Gem Freezer is unequalled for simplicity, durability and its speed in freezing. Sherbets, Water Ices and all description of desserts may be frozen with most satisfactory results.

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Corner Victoria King and Streets

Between You and Me.

NEW YORK fashion authority announces that the violet, the lily of the valley and the cow-slip have outlived their fashionableness, and that to be utterly *chic* one must wear carnations. How nice! They are sweet, and their sweetness isn't heavy like tube roses or hyacinths, but with a spicy fragrance that refreshes while it delights, and they are cheap and they last longer than almost any other *boutonniere*. The Duchess of Portland (*on dit*) pins an enormous carnation in the Duke's coat, daily, and the Anglo-maniacs of Gotham must therefore do likewise. Various pretty little paragraphs about this same duchess are floating about the news columns. She is held up as a model mother, and extolled because she is so fond of her little daughter, Lady Violet, that she had her brought to a bazaar at which her Grace condescended to take a stall and exhibited her with maternal pride to friends and purchasers. I don't see anything worthy of paragraphing in that, myself, but those who know the usual ways of duchesses seem to think it wonderful.

Some one remarked one day, that our weather had one peculiarity. It was apt to repeat itself at weekly intervals, that if it rained determinedly on one day, one week, it nearly always repeated the dose on the same day of the week following. Last Tuesday it rained on the giddy Sunday School picnics, and this Tuesday it poured on the assemblage of educational visitors who throng the city. And we all, who wanted our home to look its best and brightest, went carefully and bedraggled under the poetic waterproof and romantic umbrella, and wished for a drought, because Toronto, or any other city, is not improved by mud and rain.

By the way, isn't it funny, how our visitors were impressed by our Sabbatarianism? "The folks here either die or lie in bed Sundays," said one puzzled Southerner to his mate. "Hardly one of those nice houses was opened up—no one sitting on the stoops. What were they all hiding from?" It was a close, hot evening, but for all that, churches were filled and in the glare of the gas perspiring clergy said their say, women fanned frantically and choir and congregation sang lustily. I almost turned back from the sanctuary, so cool and wooing were the Rosedale breezes and so oppressive the hot folk and the gas, but habit, duty, conscience—call it what you will—conquered, and I grilled and fanned with my neighbors, and pitied the parson and the organist.

I have one *bete noir* in the hot weather, which bothers me. It is the shut-up house. Every day I see the carefully planted borders growing parched and dusty; the letter-box gets choked up with circulars and papers; the vines sprawl and clamber unsupported; the cat mews pitifully round the back door, and, to crown all, every time I look at the dusty shutters and dying flowers I see not them, but instead a tantalizing vision of mother and father and wee'ns, clad in strange and bygone garments, making sand castles, hooking black bass, swinging in hammocks, eating their fill of fresh gathered raspberries and cherries, going in for every outdoor seaside or countryside delight one can crowd into two holiday months.

A most funny New York legislator has announced his intention of presenting a bill next session praying for an extension of privilege to mankind. And what do you think that means? He intends to have a law passed that each man may have two wives—a summer and a winter wife. He says his wife ties up the chandeliers, shrouds the furniture, takes up the carpets and packs away the ornaments in May and leaves the house dismantled all summer while she and the family go to England or the seashore and he remains a pelican in the wilderness of Gotham. Listen to his tale of woe: "My wife hangs a lot of dismal green shades, making me feel as if I were in a measles asylum, turns the pictures to the wall as though we had a death in the family, dismisses or carries off every servant except one frowsy, low-priced maid, selects her own resort, asks for an increased allowance to pay watering-place charges, kisses me, and then, with every child I've got, sweeps out of the establishment, to be gone till late in October. I tell you, those are hard lines on a man, and I can see but one way to settle it—simply get some one to come and take Fanny's place while she is at the seashore. I have spoken to not fewer than one hundred men on this subject and they all think my scheme an admirable one in every particular. Now for emancipation, comfort and economy." I can't help feeling for him, poor fellow, but if I were Fanny I think the new scheme wouldn't work!

"And pray what is the 'Reserve?' asked a pert little lady the other day, on hearing that term used in discussing English military matters. And the man laughed at her ignorance and enlightened her kindly, and now she knows what they meant when they talked about "calling out the reserve." And Lady Gay's erratic thoughts clung to the sentence and conned it over many a time. It gave such an idea of need, of emergency, and such a comforting assurance of power to meet the need with that available tremendous Reserve.

Let us have a reserve, sisters mine! A reserve of endurance, that will step on impatience with iron heel and walk through the very jaws of death unfalteringly. A reserve of nerve force—that will stand calm and helpful in the hour of danger, instead of quailing and quivering and fainting. A reserve of hopefulness that will form in smiling phalanx before the ranks of despair and doubt. A reserve of love that will come hurrying in hours of trial and temptation, and dare the invaders to advance. Yes, dear women, let us have these battalions, and when our men folks weary and sigh and falter, when difficulties or doubts or sickness or grief push us to the front we shall go on heartily and bravely, knowing we can "call out the reserves."

A Teutonic friend of mine, with a big heart in a big body, has made me acquainted with a case of which I think an account might lead to satisfactory results among my lady readers. A young lady has been unexpectedly thrown upon her own resources by the fact of her husband having become paralyzed. She is sociable, pleasant-mannered, musical (not in the nursery governess style, but trained and capable) prepossessing in appearance, and penniless, and would gratefully undertake the duties of companion for a very moderate salary and a comfortable home. I do so wish some nice kind, well endowed reader of mine would write and say, "Tell her I want her!"

LADY GAY.

The Druids—A Fragment.

For Saturday Night.

Then twenty Druids, old and gray,
Approach a kelnic prayer to say;
Their steps are meek, their feet are slow,
Their tresses are as white as snow,—
They sing as round and round they go:—

"The fires glow 'neath the mistletoe,
Woe, woe, woe, woe!
And many a Roman's bones shall glow
In the fires beneath the mistletoe.

"Our hearts are strong, our spears are keen,
Our faces blue, our arrows green;
And many a Roman's bones shall glow
In the fires beneath the mistletoe.

"The fires glow 'neath the mistletoe,
Woe, woe, woe, woe!
And many a Roman's bones shall glow
In the fires beneath the mistletoe."

JAS. A. TUCKER.

An Encounter on Cobb's Corner.

There was the usual throng swarming on Cobb's corner waiting for "a car." In the midst of this, near the curb-stone, stood a maiden with trusting, soulful eyes, who looked as if she might have passed a score of summers with hardly any winters to speak of. Yet her manner of dealing with a troublesome insect of a well known species was such as to call forth the lights and shadows produced by contrasts, and to sufficiently demonstrate the crushing cumulative force of male relics.

He approached her with an ingratiating air.

"Was you waiting for a car?"

"Yes, sir," replied the unsuspecting maiden.

"Where was you going?"

"I am going home."

"Ah!" Pause, accompanied by a doubtful glance.

"What car was you going to take?"

"The car that will take me home."

Longer pause.

"Was you going to Lynn?"

"Oh, no," in gently surprised accents. "I don't live in Lynn."

A change of tactics.

"Are you sure you know which car you want to take?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"If you are not sure perhaps I might help you."

"You are very good."—*Judge.*

Views of an Interested Party.

First Tramp (in Battery park)—Well, I've got a nickel, an' I'm goin' up to Harlem.

Second Tramp—Goin' to ride on the helevated road?

First Tramp—Wot are yer givin' us? I don't put no money in de pocket of de soulless corporation dat is tryin' to rob de poor of their breathin'-places in de park! No, sir; dis nickel goes for a five-cent glass o' genooine Kentucky.—*Judge.*

Too Much of a Recommendation.

Cohen—Meester, dot suit fits you like der paper on der wall.

Growley—Yes, I see it does; but I don't like clothes that stick to me.—*Judge.*

An Instructive Game.

"I see now," said he sadly after he had lost money on the ball game, "why they say 'blind as a bat.' The bat didn't seem to see the ball once."—*Judge.*

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Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

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Samples cloth and price sent on application.

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Will be open for business on June 20. Its special features are pure air, genuine country life and perfect safety for children. The beach is exceptionally fine, and the bathing both healthful and free from danger. A beautiful mineral spring, whose waters contain medicinal properties, is an additional advantage. For particulars and terms address the proprietor, J. J. WRIGHT, Goderich, Ont.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

AN item from the underwear department of this store. Blouses and blouses and again blouses. Seeing that it's summer weather and holiday times, could we give you anything newer or more pat to the occasion? We're doing a great trade in blouses, because, likely, we're adepts at making up ladies' wear of almost any kind, and the underwear department has a great reputation.

Blouses, all colors, 40c.
Blouses, stripped, 40c.
Blouses, checks, 40c.
Blouses, spots, 40c.
Blouses, Norfolks, 60c.
Blouses, white lawn, 90c., 95c., $1 15.
Blouses, cream flannel, $1.85
Blouses, black sateen, $1 35, $1.50.
Blouses, China silk, $2.25.
Blouses, colored surahs, $2.75.
Blouses, black surahs, $3 50

The girls are "catching on" with a vengeance to the Vassar shirts. They're natty, neat and novel, and the proper "take" for July and August weather—75c. and 95c.

Night Dresses, 50c., 60c., 75c., $1.
Chemises, 25c. to $2.25.
White Skirts, deep hem, 35c.
Corset Covers, 2 for 25c.
Pillow Shams, 90c., $1 20.
Muslin Aprons, 15c.
Pure Linen Aprons, 20c.
Children's white dresses at clearing prices.
Order anything by mail.

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147 YONGE STREET
Reduced rates on general work for sixty days.

A Tribute to the Memory of the Late Sir John A. Macdonald
A NEW SONG FOR BARITONE
"A British Subject I was Born, a British Subject I Will Die"
Words and Music by S. T. CHUROH
PRICE 40 CENTS—A REALLY GOOD SONG
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Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM
is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN
The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.
The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
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Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
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Mention this paper.

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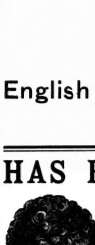

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Bargains are the order of the day. Our stock is too heavy; it must come down, and to do this prices have come away down.
If you have not seen a price list come and get one, and secure a bargain early. Bring our country cousins with you and welcome. BIG BARGAINS FOR 30 DAYS.
SUMMER SALE NOW ON
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MISS HOLLAND
Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking
112 Yonge Street
Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.
Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.
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FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER INQUEST AND ANOTHER VERDICT.

"Call the first witness," ordered the coroner sharply.

The policeman threw open the door, and fixed his eyes upon a little knot of men and women who were whispering together in a corner of the passage.

"Mike Beaston," he called. "You're wanted. Come this way."

A tall broad-shouldered man in the garb of a navvy detached himself from the group and came forward. The policeman solemnly beckoned him into the room, motioned him where to stand, and closed the door.

"Your name is Mike Beaston?" inquired the coroner.

"I should like to see the mon, as said it warn't," was the somewhat pugnacious reply. The witness had been preparing himself for the unaccustomed ordeal through which he had to pass, by frequent visits to the tap room, with the result that without being drunk he was inclined to be quarrelsome. But a glance at the coroner sent all the Dutch courage oozing out of his heels. The latter was used to such witnesses and knew how to treat them. He had assumed an air of the severest displeasure, and the frowning gaze which he bent upon the unfortunate Mr. Beaston was particularly disconcerting to that gentleman.

"Answer simply yes or no," he remarked, sharply. "Your name is Mike Beaston?"

"Yes, sur," was the much subdued answer.

"What are you by trade?"

"Shure I work at anything. I ain't 'ticular. I've been on a job at Egson's Wharves the last month, sir. I——d skinny job it is, too," he added, in an undertone, which only reached the policeman's ears.

P. C. 198 having noted the effect of the coroner's frown upon the witness, tried one on his own account as a rebuke for such unparliamentary language. The attempt was a conspicuous failure. Mr. Mike Beaston was unused to coroners, and had been distinctly impressed by this one. Policemen, on the other hand, he regarded with all the profound contempt bred of a great and often too close familiarity, and he met P. C. 198's austere frown with a bland smile, which, in one way, to say the least of it, provoking. The latter removed his gaze, and promised himself revenge the very next time he had the pleasure of running Mr. Mike Beaston in—which, by the by—occurred within a week. But this has nothing to do with the inquest.

"You lodge at 19 Bloomer's place?" asked the coroner.

"For shure, yer honor," replied the witness, who was in a somewhat happier frame of mind after his triumph over the official by his side.

"And your room was on the floor above the one occupied by the deceased?"

"Yes, sur."

"At what hour did you return home on Tuesday night, the 17th?"

"Bout arf four arter closing time."

The coroner looked up, mystified.

"Do you mean——"

"Beg pardon, sir. He means after the public houses are closed," interrupted P.C. 198, significantly.

The coroner accepted the explanation, but promptly snubbed P.C. 198 for interfering, to the delight of the witness. P.C. 198 assumed a gloomy air of outraged dignity, and during the remainder of the examination did not open his lips.

"Did you go straight to bed when you got home?" the coroner went on.

"For sure I did; what else wur there for me to do in my bit o' a room. I just tumbled on my bed, and I'n myself wur fast aslape in less than no time, yer honor."

"You heard no noise in the room below?"

"None, yer honor."

"Nor as you passed it on your way up?"

"No, sur."

"Not even voices?"

"Not even voices, sur. It was all as quiet as the grave."

"Until what time did you sleep?"

"It wur about half past six when I woke up, and turned out straight away."

"Tell me what you saw on your way downstairs."

The witness, who was now quite at his ease, ran one hand lightly through his hair, and after a brief pause to collect his thoughts, commenced volubly but disconnectedly, to explain the circumstance which led to his being connected with the case as witness. He was on his way downstairs, and was just passing the door of the room below his when he noticed a dark stain on the door jamb, which, when he put his foot on it, he perceived was wet. He struck a light, and, so coping down, found to his horror that it was blood which was slowly trickling in a little stream from underneath the door of the room which he was passing.

"Indeed, yer honor, I wur fair dazed. I wur when I see'd it, and I didn't do now't for a minute or two but look at it. Then I come to myself, and I knocked at the door. 'Mrs. Ward,' I cried, 'Mrs. Ward, open the door, there's a good un;' but there wasn't no answer so I just put my foot against it like, and open it went. I've see'd some queer sights in my time," the witness continued, in an awed tone, "but that there was a licker, and no gammon. It wur awful for shure. She wur a sight flat on the floor with 'er 'ead about a yard off the door, and one of her hands clutched in the bedthings, and there were a long, thin knife, a queer shape like, buried in her chest. The blood had flown from where she was stabbed right underneath the door. It made me feel sare and had just to look at it. I says, 'Missus, who's done it?' but Lord it warn't no use speaking to 'her. She wur as dead as a door nail, stiff, and almost cold. Well, I just felt her, and I sings out for Mrs. Judkin, and, by jaber—I beg your pardon your honor—but 'they wur a rare to-do then. I just says, 'Mrs. Judkin here's rare goings on,' and she peeped in the room and she went straight off into one of them there fainting fits. Then a lot of others they came in and I off and fetched a doctor and a copper—this 'an 'ere yer honor," the witness remarked, indicating Police Constable 198 by a superfluous gesture, "but he warn't no other about so I 'ad to bring 'im," he added apologetically to the jury. "I know'd he'd make a blooming hash of it all the same."

The coroner bit his lip, and so did several of the jury. Police Constable 198 looked scornfully indifferent, or rather tried to. Mike Beaston grinned, and bore a sharp reprimand from the coroner with exemplary meekness.

A few more questions were asked, but without result. Evidently the witness had told everything he knew of the affair, so he was dismissed.

"Mrs. Judkin is the next witness. Shall I call her, sir?" inquired Police Constable 198.

"Mrs. Judkin, the landlady? Certainly," said the coroner.

Mrs. Judkin was called, and a plain, hard-featured woman stepped into the room. She was dressed in a rusty black gown, which had evidently seen better days, and had a shawl of the same sombre hue twisted around her shoulders. Unlike the last witness she was evidently perfectly at her ease, but there was an air of extreme caution, not to say wariness in the slow replies which she gave to the questions that were asked her, which was decidedly not prepossessing. Before she had been before him five minutes the coroner had decided, rightly or wrongly, that she was keeping something back. The idea naturally quickened his interest in the case.

"How long had the deceased been a lodger of yours?" he asked.

"Nearly two weeks, sir."

"What was her occupation during that time?"

"She did no work, sir, as I know on."

"She paid you regularly, then?"

"Pretty well."

"Did it never strike you that she was a different sort of person to your other lodgers, for instance?"

"Can't say as it did, particular. I didn't take much notice of her."

"She gave you the name of Mrs. Ward when she came?"

"Yes."

"Had you any reason to suppose that this was not her real name?"

"No. I didn't bother my 'ead about it. One name was as good as another to me."

"How did the deceased pass the time if she did no work?"

"I don't know. How should I? I've summut else to do besides watch my lodgers about."

"She went out occasionally, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; she went out sometimes."

"Did she ever go out at night?"

"I don't know as she did," the witness admitted. "She kept herself respectable, seemingly. She was mostways at home crying at nights!"

"Did she ever have any visitors?"

"Never until the night she was murdered."

There was a slight sensation amongst the jurymen; Monsieur de Feurget, too, leaned forward with nervously twitching lips and bloodshot eyes. He was evidently deeply interested.

"She had more than one visitor on that night then?"

"She had two!"

"Did they come together or at different times?"

"At different times."

"Were they both men?"

"Yes."

"Now tell me at what time the first one arrived?"

"About half-past nine."

"Can you describe him?"

"No, I dunno as I can. He just knocked at the door o' my room, so I sez come in, but he didn't, no more than just come half-way in like, and I wur a sitting t'other end wi' a little oil lamp on the table by me, so he wur in the dark like. He just sez, 'which is Mrs. Ward's room?' and I sez second floor front, and off he goes. He wur a little chap and thin—about the size of that there gent"—and she pointed to Monsieur de Feurget, who frowned and seemed ill-pleased at the comparison.

"How long did he remain upstairs?"

"Not more than 'arf an hour I shouldn't think."

"Did you hear their voices?"

"Yes, now and agen."

"Were they talking in a loud key? Did they seem to be disagreeing?"

"Summut of that sort. She wur a sobbing and carrying on and he wur terribly angry."

"You didn't overhear any part of the conversation?"

"No. I didn't listen."

"What happened after this first visitor had left?"

"Another gent came about ten minutes afterwards."

"Did you see anything of him? Can you describe him?"

"No, that I can't. He wur tall and slim and had a beautiful voice, but I couldn't see nothing of his face, he wur so muffled up. I know one thing about him though. He wur a gent, the proper sort too."

"D'ye ask you for Mrs. Ward?"

"Yes. I called out fust door, on fust landing and he says 'Thank'ee,' and off he goes."

"Mrs. Ward's room was the one just above yours, then?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear them talking?"

"Never once; they were very quiet."

"You did not hear any quarrel or scream, or the sound of any falling body?"

"Nothing."

"That seems very strange. Of the two visitors, it certainly seems as though the last must have been the murderer. And yet you say that you did not even hear an ordinary quarrel?"

"No."

The witness had suddenly become taciturn. She stood nervously drawing her shawl closer around her shoulders, and notwithstanding the closely set lips there was an air of irresolution about her which the coroner was quick to notice.

"Did you see this visitor when he came downstairs?"

"No."

"Did you hear him?"

"No."

"Then you don't know how long he was upstairs?"

"No."

"You are quite sure that these answers are absolutely correct. You are on your oath, remember.

"I am quite sure."

"Then you neither saw nor heard anything of deceased or this visitor from the time of his arrival to the next morning, when you were summoned upstairs by Mike Beaston."

"No, I didn't."

"And you will swear that Mrs. Ward had no other visitor that night?"

The witness was evidently disturbed. She hesitated and changed color.

"I don'w nothing about that," she answered slowly.

"Have you any reason to suppose that the deceased had any other visitor upon that night?"

"She might 'a 'ad. It's like 'this, you see," the witness continued, reluctantly; "the room next to Mrs. Ward's I lets by the night when I gets the chance, and I'd let it for that night to a woman called Betsy Urane. I'erd her cum in 'bout two hours arter the second gent had gone up to Mrs. Ward's."

The witness paused, and there was a little stir of interest. Monsieur de Feurget was leaning forward on his seat, with his hand pressed to his side, and with an intense feverish excitement gleaming in his dark eyes. The witness remained sullenly silent, her long, bony fingers restlessly interlacing themselves with the fringe of her shawl. Her manner increased the supposition that she had something still to reveal.

"Did the woman Betsy Urane come in alone?"

"I dunno. I suppose not."

"You could hear anyone going upstairs from your room?"

"Yes."

"And you heard footsteps after the woman Urane had entered?"

"Yes."

"The footsteps of one person or of more than one?"

"There was a man and a woman."

"You will swear that you did not see the man?"

"I will."

"Did they enter the room which the woman Urane had engaged?"

"Yes."

"And did you hear either of them leave it?"

"Yes."

"Which?"

"The woman."

"When?"

"About five minutes after their arrival. I was going to bed, and I met her on the stairs, coming down."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Where was her companion?"

"She said that she had left him in the room while she went out to buy something."

"Did she return?"

"No."

The proceedings were stayed while the coroner gave some whispered instructions to the constable, who immediately left the room.

"Was her companion found in the room this morning?"

"No."

"Did you hear him leave?"

"No."

"Thank you, that will do, Mrs. Judkin."

Mrs. Judkin gave her shawl a final twitch and left the room with an unmistakable air of relief in her hard, expressionless face. The coroner finished making some notes, and then laying down his pen, turned to the jury.

"I have sent for the woman Betsy Urane," he said. "I think you will all agree with me, that she is likely to prove an important witness."

There was a murmur of assent which had scarcely subsided when P.C. 198 entered the room and made his way over to the coroner's chair.

"I have discovered the woman, sir," he announced in a self-satisfied tone. "She is outside.

The coroner nodded approvingly.

"Very good," he said. "Send her in at once."

"Betsy Urane" was called and Betsy Urane appeared. She was a tall, stout woman, with a pile of yellow hair untidily arranged, coarse, unpleasant features and a bold defiant expression. She was dressed in some cast-off finery, evidently purchased at a second-hand shop, and altogether her appearance could only be described as repulsive. The coroner drew a fresh supply of paper towards him and commenced his examination at once.

"Your name is Betsy Urane?"

"Yes it is."

"You were at 19 Bloomer's place on last Tuesday night with a man?"

"Well, and if I was?"

"Will you tell us who your companion was?"

"I would if I know'd, but I don't."

"How long had you known him before taking him there?"

"About an hour."

"Where did you meet him?"

"In the Crown and Thistle bar."

"You had never seen him before then?"

"Never."

"Did he speak to you first or you to him?"

The witness hesitated. The coroner was used to all types of witnesses, and made up his mind quickly how to treat this one.

"Betsy Urane," he said sharply, "I don't know whether you have ever been a witness at an inquest before. In case you haven't I feel it my duty to urge upon you the necessity and wisdom of speaking the truth, and of telling everything you know concerning the matter you are asked about. You are on your oath you must remember, and you are liable to be prosecuted for perjury if you make a single false statement, or attempt to evade the truth in any way. We are here to sift this matter to the bottom, and we know a good deal already," he added significantly.

The witness was cowed, but put a bold front on it.

"Taere's no need for all that palavering," she said sullenly. "I should have told you all I know'd wi' out. It was like this 'ere. I was a sitting in the Crown and Thistle having a glass along wi' a lady friend o' mine, when a stranger chap came in, and I heard 'im ask at the bar whether they know'd where a Mrs. Judkin lived. Well, Mrs. Judkin and me being particular friends, I jumps up, and goes to 'im. I know where Mrs. Judkin lives, I sez. I has a room there myself often. So he turns round and looks at me, and then draws me on one side. 'Do you know a Mrs. Ward who lives in 'er house?' he asks. 'Can't say as I've ever spoken to 'er,' I sez, 'but I knows her by sight. Er room's next the one I generally 'as there. Then he asks me some more questions about her, whether she wur very poor, whether she went out and such like, and I told him as much as I knew, and natural like asked him to stand summut. He paid for drinks, and then he went a little way away, and stood by 'imself as though he wur thinking something over. Just before closing time he came back to me. 'Did you say that your room at Mrs. Judkin's was next to Mrs. Ward's?' he asked. I told 'im as it was, and he sez quiet like, 'could you take me into your room for a short time? In coors,' I says, and off we went. Well, when we got there he made me show him her door, and when he got into my room he did nothing but walk up and down and mutter to himself excited like. Then he comes up to me and sez, 'I want to be alone here for a short time. I'll give you a sovereign, will you let me have the room for to night and find a lodging somewhere else?' 'In coors I will,' I sez, and I just taps 'old of the gold quid, and hoff I goes. I seen 'im since, and I don't know no more about 'im."

"Can you describe him?"

"Well, I can; but I dunno as it 'ud be much good, for he had a false beard and false whiskers, and false 'air on; and I'm pretty sure he wasn't used to such clothes as 'e was wearing, which was rough 'uns. He wur rather stout wi' a yellow beard, and yellow 'air, rather a long thin face, wi' bright eyes, and 'e held 'is head as though he wur used to wear a hat like one. He wur dressed rough enough, but 'is hands were white and soft. I can't tell yer much more."

"If you could describe his clothes a little, it might help us," said the coroner, suggestively.

"Well, he wore a long, dark blue overcoat, patched in a lot of places, and wi' a hole or two in; a billy cock 'at, broke at the top, and a dirty white 'andkerchief tied round 'is throat."

"You are quite sure that you have not seen him in the neighborhood before?"

"I'll take my oath I ain't."

"Very good. That will do, Mrs. Urane."

The witness who had quite recovered her composure, nodded jauntily and swaggered out of the room. Several other witnesses, including the doctor, were examined without anything fresh coming to light. Then the weapon with which the murder had been committed was produced and handed round.

The interest in the case, which had flagged a little, was revived at once by its appearance. It was of strange, graceful shape, of the finest Damascus steel, and with a beautifully carved handle. One by one the jurymen handled it, and each passed it on with a little murmur of admiration.

"This weapon should certainly furnish a clue," the coroner remarked, handing it back to the emissary of the police. "It must have been stolen from somewhere."

The man nodded, and thought that there was no doubt about that. Then there was a few minutes' consultation, and the verdict was recorded.

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

A couple of hours later printed bills with all the description which had been obtained of the murderer, hung on the doors of every police-station in London, with the ominous heading: 'Wan'ed;' and by nightfall detectives with a copy of the bill in their pocket-books were watching every train which arrived at the great ports of the country, and every outward-bound vessel of every sort was placed under a rigid espionage. The whole machinery of Scotland Yard was set in motion to discover the man in the long blue overcoat.

CHAPTER IX.

A DESPERATE WOMAN.

It was midnight and Lady Harrowdean sat alone in her room, leaning back in a low wicker-chair and watching the fitful flames and dull embers of a slowly dying fire. She had dismissed her maid an hour ago and since then she had been sitting there motionless and silent. At first the dancing fire-light had played upon her pale, haggard cheeks and around her black-robed form, and had sparkled in her dry lustreless eyes, but now the flames had burned themselves out and she sat in the shadow, almost in darkness. It had been a terrible hour for her—it was so still. A task from which she shrank with a nameless horror lay before her, inevitable yet hideous. For long she had sat there battling with herself, striving to crush her scruples, her fears, her overmastering dread—and she had not succeeded.

The great house was silent as the grave. From outside there came occasionally the noise of some passing vehicle, and at regular intervals the stillness of the night was broken by the deep, mellow boom of Westminster clock. But inside there was a tranquil silence. The servants had retired early. Lord Bernard earlier still. Lady Harrowdean alone kept watch of the night.

Midnight had come and passed. The quarters had struck three times, and the first hour of morning was nearly over. Then Lady Harrowdean stirred slightly, and woke from her apathy.

A lamp and a newspaper were on a small round table by her side. She turned the former up, adjusted the shade, and commenced to read. The paper was the *Telegraph*, the date, the day after the inquest at the Rising Sun, and the paragraph which she was reading was—the account of that inquest.

She knew it almost by heart, but she read it over again slowly, and stopped at one place always that one place! She had read it over before, and had stopped there each time. There seemed to be a sort of fascination for her in that brief disclosure by the coroner. But it was the fascination of terror!

She put the newspaper down and rose slowly to her feet. One o'clock struck while she stood there hesitating, and the sound of the hour seemed to give her courage. She crossed the room and opened an elaborately carved massive wardrobe. After a few moments' inspection she took out a long loose dressing-gown of some dark material, and hastily divesting herself of her gown, wrapped it around her. Then she exchanged her high-heeled shoes for soft bedroom slippers, which sunk noiselessly into the heavy carpet, and re-crossing the room took up the lamp. Something of desperation seemed to have stolen into her white, haggard face, as she made these preparations, but it was desperation mixed with a great, shrinking fear. There was something to be done which seemed to her more awful than any other task which could have been set before her—something which she would have given years of her life to have been able to have left undone. But there was no escape, no second course. It must be done before morning broke.

She knew it, and the knowledge gave her strength. With swift, even footsteps she crossed the floor, holding the lamp over her head, and softly turning the handle of the door, left the room.

(To be Continued.)

The Polka.

Sixty years ago an Austrian cook, finding herself dull in her kitchen, sang and danced in there for her own amusement. The cook's mistress having surprised her during the impromptu ball, she was ordered to leave the room and sing in the presence of the composer, Joseph Neruda, who took notes of the performance. The polka passed into Prague, then to Vienna, and plenty of animated music was soon written. But the real polka mania did not break out in Paris till the year 1844, when it was danced with great success by a select few at the Salle Valentino, in the Rue Saint Honore, the premises now occupied by the Nouveau Cirque. Crowds used to assemble round the dancers to admire the different pretty figures which composed the true polka, which was then acquired with difficulty, and was not the simple, close and rushing dance at present known by that name. So popular was the polka in Paris nearly half a century ago that the dancing-masters had for clients ladies and gentlemen of all classes and even judges, lawyers and doctors did not disdain to take lessons in what was then considered as one of the greatest acquirements for a ball-room dancer.

The devil has found out that the easiest way for him to get some people is to let them have their own way for a while.

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The Lemon Trick.

"Some men are born villains, some men achieve villainy, others have villainy thrust upon them. I belong to the last category."

He didn't seem the least bit like a villain. He was stout; villains are supposed to have a lean and hungry look. And at that moment Bobby, his youngest little boy, presented him with a sticky pear-drop, which he ate. Who ever heard of a villain eating pear-drops? We were next door neighbors; we were both fond of gardening and there was a good deal of innocent rivalry between us. He was something in the city; so was I; we always went to town by the same train, generally in the same carriage and we were both first-class season ticket holders—that in itself was a guarantee of respectability. Still, he said he was a villain.

"Good gracious!" I thought; "I hope he isn't going to confide in me."

"Yes," he said, "I obtained my wife by a piece of designing villainy. I should like to tell you about it."

I was sitting in this villain's garden, on this villain's garden seat, smoking one of this villain's cigars (which wasn't at all villainous), and Bobby, aged three, had retired. We were alone, and I was in for it. I crossed my arms upon my chest, as I have seen persons do in my position upon the stage. "Go on," I said, with a melancholy smile; "your story interests me much."

"You are probably not aware that my wife, Carlotta, is the daughter of an eminent flautist."

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"Flautist," he repeated—"flute-player, you know." The fellow didn't look a bit ashamed at the fact of the mother of his children being the daughter of a professional musician. Now, my wife's father was an indigo broker, and there is something very gentlemanly about indigo.

"Yes," he continued, "my father-in-law was the celebrated Tremolo. You've heard of Tremolo—everybody's heard of Tremolo. Tremolo, sir," he added, proudly, "was without a rival until Triller came upon the scene, and he killed Triller in three years. My father-in-law, sir, measured fifty-two inches round the chest; he caused special music to be written for him which that puny wretch Triller attempted to render. You have heard the fable of the frog and the bull. Triller was just the frog, and he burst, and my father-in-law, the great Tremolo, went to his funeral. I met my present wife at a little dance in the suburbs. I fell violently in love with her, and I wasn't a bit awed when I was told that she was the daughter of Tremolo, the flautist. I've got a decent business, I said. I was earning six hundred pounds a year at that time, my dear fellow, and I had saved a little money. Why on earth shouldn't I marry Tremolo's daughter? I didn't know that I was a Philistine, you see. Signor Tremolo divided the world into two classes—professional people and Philistines. Now the lady at whose house I had met my Carlotta, though she knew Miss Tremolo well enough to ask her to her little dance, was either unwilling or unable to give me a formal introduction to the young lady's papa; but I was not to be baulked. 'I'll take lessons,' I said to myself, 'and get to know him that way.' So I bought a flute, and I knocked boldly at Signor Tremolo's door and demanded an audience. He was awfully civil, and he was greatly astonished when I told him that I wanted to have some lessons.

"'I shall be delighted, young gentleman,' he said; 'how many years have you been working at the instrument?'

"'To tell the truth, Signor Tremolo,' I answered, airily, 'learning the flute is just a little whim of mine. I only tried once and then I couldn't get it to make a noise.'

"'Never in my life had I seen a man get into such an awful rage at once. Signor Tremolo sprang to his feet and turned purple. 'Wretch, brute, animal, Philistine, dog, beast, toad-pig!' he shrieked, and then he clutched at his collar as though he were going to have a fit. 'And you come to me—to me, Tremolo—to teach you the rudiments! Get out of my place, you insolent rascal!'

"'I thought it best to make a clean breast of the whole matter at once. 'Signor Tremolo,' I said, 'I beg that you will excuse me. I love your daughter to distraction; the lessons that I asked you to give me were a mere pretext.' But that only made him worse.

"'Pallistine!' he cried in an awful voice, as he flung the door wide open; 'go! He wouldn't even give me time to tell him about my six hundred a year.

"'For three months I was perfectly miserable; I had no opportunity of meeting Carlotta Tremolo, and how on earth was I to get over her father's insuperable objection? How was I to cease to be a Philistine? It is difficult to become a professional after you are eight-and-twenty; and I could not very well black my face and turn negro minstrel.

"'I am rather fond of dry reading; I like a book which is, so to say, *caviare* to the general. I was reading Wugsby's Physiology one day—the section on mental impressions. This was what I read: 'The mere mention of a favorite article of food will often make the mouth twitch involuntarily. This peculiar phenomenon is often observed in an exaggerated degree at the sight of a very acid fruit—as the lemon. These obscure phenomena,' etc. The idea—the fiendish idea—came to me in an instant; I became a designing villain in the twinkling of an eye. 'I will become an evil genius to Signor Tremolo,' I thought; 'I will become to him as the Old Man of the Sea. No more shall he delight the public. When I see his name billed for a concert in the usual manner:

THE FLUTE OBLIGATO, BY SIGNOR TREMOLO,

I will be there with my lemon, and I will produce obscure phenomena.' I had not long to wait.

"ST. JAMES'S HALL.—SELECTIONS FROM 'IL FLAUTO MAGICO.' SOLO ON THE FLUTE, SIGNOR TREMOLO.

"I paid twenty-one shillings for a front row seat. I took care that my victim should perceive me from the very first. I went through the various musical torments that are only appreciated by the elect, then came the selection from Il Flauto Magico. Signor Tremolo stepped out to the very front of the center of the platform. There was a great burst of applause as Carlotta's father drew down his great wristbands and made his bow; then he coughed loudly to attract his attention, and succeeded in doing so. After the orchestra had played several bars, the solo commenced. You have heard Tremolo play; I need not describe it. You might have heard a pin fall, the public was so attentive. He reminded me of nothing so much as a human thrush. What gurgles, warbles, and bubbling trills of melody that man produced! Every one—every one except the villain in the front row (I mean myself)—sat entranced. I coughed suddenly and succeeded in catching my victim's eye. I produced a lemon and applied it to my mouth. Suddenly the unhappy *maestro* ceased to produce delicious melody; he made just that noise a gas machine does when it is short of water; then he turned all colors of the rainbow; he seemed to be trying to swallow his own tongue. He shook his fist furiously at me, seized his bushy, professional locks with both hands, dropped his flute, appeared to be attempting to pull his hair out by the roots, and then rushed from the platform without a word.

"I hurried from the concert room; but before I could get out somebody made an apology for Signor Tremolo on the ground of sudden illness. That night, Signor Tremolo sent for me. I found him in bed.

"'Have you no mercy, young man?' he said, in a hollow voice.

"'You can't expect any mercy from a Philistine,' I replied, airily.

"Then he groaned. 'I'm a ruined man!' he said. Then he began to cry. A middle-aged Italian weeping bitterly is not a pleasant object.

"'How much do you want?' he said, as he wiped his streaming eyes.

"'Old man,' I said, 'your professional career is over. Whenever you appear in public I will be there, armed with this.' Here I produced my lemon. As I did so, Signor Tremolo's head disappeared beneath the bed-clothes. 'As a man, I continued, firmly—'as a Philistine,' I added, severely—'I have no sympathy with you, Signor Tremolo; but I have my price.'

"The flautist's head was instantly protruded. 'Name it,' he said; 'name it, wretch! and it shall be paid.'

"'Signor Tremolo,' I began, 'when I informed you of my affection for your daughter, you dismissed me with threats of personal violence; you may refuse to allow me to pay addresses to your daughter, but you cannot deprive me of my rights as a man. I adore the flute'—then I gave a diabolical laugh—'and,' I added, 'I'm desperately fond of lemons.'

"There is no more to add. I married Carlotta Tremolo four years ago. If it had not been for Wugsby's Physiology I should never have been allowed to pay my addresses to her. It is awfully hot weather; shall we have a lemonade? I am very fond of lemons."

Then he laughed a great, hearty, good-humored laugh. I do not think my neighbor was such a villain after all, considering the circumstances.

I accepted the lemonade.

Curiosity impelled me to go to a promenade concert and try the lemon trick upon a popular flautist. The popular flautist jumped off the platform at a single bound and offered to fight me. Next day I had to buy a new hat.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, beg to announce that they have just opened up a choice selection of "mousseline chiffon" challys and various other summer goods. Latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings.

A Drawn Battle.

I thought I did a very clever thing when I invited Miss Hawkins, Mr. Dash and a few other friends to take a sail in my yacht. I say "my" yacht, because I was entitled to her for that day, because of my owning a third of her; and I do not give the names of the other friends, because they were only meant to fill in the background. Still, I will mention one gentleman of the supernumeraries. Mr. Vincent was one of the party, and he was a very welcome addition to the number. Everybody liked Vincent. He was the sort of man who gave tone to any set of people. It is difficult to say exactly why, for really he had no "points." He was quiet, rather dignified, and of a good figure—the sort of figure which enables one to wear ready-made clothes without explaining why one prefers them. I have nothing to say against Vincent, even now.

But Dash was different. He was really clever and knowing. But he had his limitations. Yachting was one of them. He didn't know a sharpie from a lugger, and that's the reason I gave the yachting party.

You see, Dash had confided to me that he thought Miss Hawkins was a "stunner." That is the way he put it. He didn't confide in me because I was his particular confidant and crony, but only because I happened to be with him when his intellect, so to speak, came to the conclusion that she was a "stunner."

I did not disagree with him. In fact, I thought then, as I think now, that Miss Hawkins threw into a cooling shade any young woman of her time. For that reason, I got up the yachting party.

Miss Hawkins accepted with pleasure; and when I told Dash that she was coming, he said he would accept with pleasure, too. Now, that was not true. Dash hated the salt water, and only went because he knew he would be green with jealousy if he should stay at home.

It was a charming day for a sail—the water was gently rippling against the side of the boat when we started, but there were tiny white caps showing just beyond the headlands which flanked the harbor.

Miss Hawkins sat upon a canvas chair on deck, and Dash and I were beside her, engaged in a sprightly small-talk competition. Poor victim! By easy stages I led him on until he was fairly launched in his wild career.

"Yes, Miss Hawkins," said he; "there is, as you say, a certain wild sense of exhilaration in sailing upon the free blue sea."

"I said," she answered with a smile, "that I had always heard so. But I have had but little experience in sailing. I feel very grateful to Mr. Seaborn for an opportunity of enjoying this delicious breeze and bright sunshine."

I signed a gentle acknowledgment and bowed.

"But after all," Dash broke in, hastily, "one finds the same pleasure in driving."

"Oh, do you think so?" answered Miss Hawkins.

"Well, perhaps—there may be certain features of sailing which one might prefer," he replied, weakly enough.

Just then we passed the lee of one of the headlands, and the yacht began to jump. Everything worked to a charm. The boat would lift her forefoot gracefully against the oncoming wave, the wave would slide under the keel, and the boat would come down with a thump. And at every thump Dash would die. I said very little and kept well in the background so that he was compelled to devote himself to Miss Hawkins. Vincent was devoting his efforts to entertaining Miss Hawkins's aunt, a most agreeable chaperon. That was always the way with Vincent—he could be depended upon.

Soon Dash began to weaken; he grew pale, and his conversation lost all vivacity. Full of latitudinarian ideas, and his conversation soon became perfectly inane. Being at my best on a yacht, he was soon nowhere, and I had the field all to myself. I named the interesting points along shore; explained that marvelous invention, the mariner's compass; showed how the boat ran against the wind, or came about; taught Miss Hawkins to steer; gave peremptory orders to the skipper and crew; superintended the dainty luncheon on deck, and sympathized properly with poor Dash, who had long since gone below.

That settled Dash. When we rounded to at the moorings, I think Dash may be said to have been out of it. He went at once to his rooms, a pale, ghastly and utterly uninteresting land-lubber, while Vincent and I escorted home his Hawkins contingent.

After the ladies had gone in, Vincent turned to me and said significantly:

"Seaborn, did you know that Dash was so poor a sailor?"

"Well," I said, lightly; "he said he would be delighted to come—but I think he made a mistake."

"Yes," he answered, in his solemn way; "Miss Hawkins asked me to tell 'poor Mr. Dash' how sorry she was for him."

But Dash didn't know when he was whipped. So he got up a coaching party. That was ingenious, too; for he didn't say anything about it beforehand, and I supposed it was only an ordinary picnic—a luncheon in the woods. Then he arranged things so as to have Miss Hawkins and myself seated with him on the front seat while, as was inevitable, Vincent and the aunt were behind us. I didn't suspect anything until we had gone a few miles into the country, and then he asked me to take the reins a few moments while he went to help the footman fasten one of the hampers. No sooner had he reached the back of the tally-ho than he called out:

"All right, Seaborn, go ahead. There is none too much time. I can fix this while we drive along!"

Then was my time to rise and say frankly and simply:

"But Mr. Dash, I never drove anything but an old family hack. I shall have to decline."

Perhaps you would have done so. I didn't. I made a ghastly click and that awful menagerie in leather sprang into life.

I think I shook like an aspen. My head whirled and the road looked like a black mist. Miss Hawkins said something quickly and I turned to hear what it was and dropped a rein.

Vincent must have climbed down into Dash's vacant seat and stopped the maddened steeds, I am sure; for the next thing I knew, they were standing all in a bunch, head to head.

Then I volunteered to fasten the hamper; and long after that hamper was fastened like a safe deposit security box, I sat there on that back seat within the footman.

Thus did I take a back seat.

And, to be perfectly fair, I think I was out of it from that moment.

I don't blame Miss Hawkins, for may be neither Dash nor I stood a show. Hereafter, if I meet another "stunner," I shall devote myself to a waiting-race with the chaperon, and leave it to others to set the pace and make the running.

We dined at the Vincents not long ago, and really, they seemed so happy that I think Dash and I both resolved to bury the hatchet. At all events, as we were coming away, Dash said:

"After all, there is nothing pleasanter than a quiet dinner with a pleasant host and hostess. I think these outdoor sports and entertainments are an awful bore, you know!"

"Well, I don't mind a sail," I answered, "on a quiet day."

"Yes, in a calm," said he, laughing; "but a good, brisk drive is the real thing."

"With another fellow to hold the ribbons," I suggested.

We spent the evening playing whist at the club.—*Puck.*

How Scotchmen Woo.

Allen, a cool, calculating Scotchman, went to Leicester early in the present century to practice medicine. His demure and staid appearance won him general respect. He was a tall, bony man, with sandy hair, and without a particle of poetry in his veins; but punctual, cautious and careful as he was, he never failed to have a sharp eye to the main chance.

He lodged in the house of Mrs. Gray, the confectioner, who had a sprightly daughter with lily hands and crimson cheeks, who was more far sweeter than the lollipops in her mother's shop.

Mrs. Gray's manners were of the humble sort; but her daughter Phœbe was pretty and engaging in whatever she did. Allen, in the height of his generosity, would often tempt Miss Phœbe with some of her mother's "white heart" biscuits, but she was not to be won in that sweet way. Her heart was set upon a pink silk in the mercer's window next door, which she liked better than her mother's commodities.

The hint was too broad for the keen Scotchman to mistake. It quite staggered him. But her raven locks and jet black eyes were too much for Allen to withstand, and on the next Sunday Miss Phœbe was arrayed in the pink silk and looked like a new-blown rose.

Allen's gravity became much disturbed and in addressing the landlady he said:

"Meestress Gray, ye have a pratty business here, and ye maun hae scraped a leetle siller together. I'm thinkin' I'm a canny doater."

"Ah, doctor," replied Mrs. Gray, "she is a little forward thing, who takes liberty with you; I'd have you snub her."

"Weel, meestress Gray, that's na offence to me; but, as I was just saying, ye maun hae saved a fifty-pund or so."

"Oh, lawful heart, doctor, a poor widow like me cannot have much money."

"But," said the doctor, "there's na getting through the world without a leetle siller, Meestress Gray. I was thinking aboot your doater."

"Ah, sir," answered the widow, "she's a little expensive thing; she runs away with all I can get."

"I was thinking aboot Phœbe—if ye'd paint wi' her."

"Part with her, sir! For what?"

"To me, Meestress Gray."

"Are doctor, but she's so young."

"Weel, weel, there's na much objection to that."

"But for sure, doctor, you are the best judge on such matters."

"Then, as I was saying, ye have two shop windows, Meestress Gray, and if Phœbe should become Mrs. Chinsse Allen I could set my gallipots in the other window, and we would, in that case, drop all talk aboot the siller."

Reading her Character.

There is a funny experience a bright New York woman, who lived in San Francisco tells at her own expense. She had a disagreement with her Chinaman and dismissed him. She went to the Chinese Intelligence Office for another. One was sent to her, a mild-mannered creature, who looked as if he might be "ordered round" with impunity. He cooked the dinner, got the breakfast and left without washing the breakfast dishes or giving a word of warning. Another was sent for and came, and went in the same mysterious way. And another and another, until the fifth one had disappeared, and the righteously indignant lady went down to the head man and made a very vigorous and pointed complaint, and demanded an explanation. "Allee right," whispered the head man, "I comee up to-day. I no want men savee I comee." He came in due season, and carefully examined the walls, the tables, the pantry, &c., looking very much mystified and shaking his head and saying in a puzzled tone: "Me no savee! Me no savee!" "Savee what?" exclaimed the mistress of the house. All of a sudden, in a triumphant voice, John said: "Ah! I found him!" and the mistress "saveed" as John pointed to some Chinese characters on the chimney a few feet above the stove, and explained as he rubbed the letters out: "Dis make allee men go belly quick." "What does it say?" inquired the lady. "It say," translated the Chinaman, "Boss help nice man; allee light. Boss lady help she devil."

"Send me a man who can't read," said the lady.

"Allee Chinamen lead his own wanguage. I rub out. No man know you help she-devil then," said John with a smile that was childlike and bland.

A Candid Critic.

"Well, what do you think of my picture at the academy of design?" asked young Mahlstick of Jones the other day.

"Fair, dear boy, fair; but now you ask me I must confess I liked your earlier style better."

"Earlier style?"

"Yes; when you didn't paint at all, you know."—*Judge*

By the Sad Sea Waves.

"Ah, Jim, we poor folks has are trials!"

"Yes, I's had a good many; but it ain't the trial what annoys me, it's the verdict they brings in afterwards."—*Life.*

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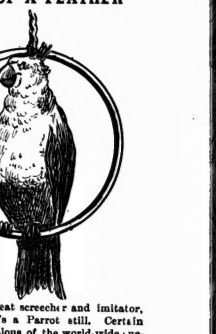
He Could Not See Himself.

Lord Fitznoodle (who is doing the territories and is clothed in the very latest for traveling) —Aha! what have we here! Well, my pretty prairie flower.

Pretty Prairie Flower—Huh! If you think I'm a conundrum I just wish you could see yerself.—*D. A. McKellar in Texas Siftings.*

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER"



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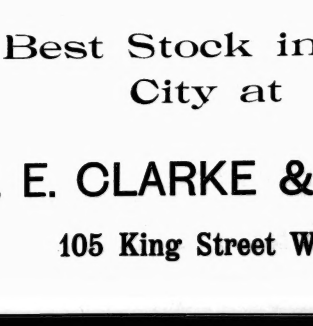

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Mr. Howells on Fiction.*

HERE is a little French phrase that is being done to death nowadays, *Fin de Siecle*—end of the century. It generally seems to imply the lowering in temperature of all the passions, the blood running slowly and thinly, the feelings refined almost wholly away, in fact the deadening of all incentives to existence. With many men these qualities seem joined to a desire, since existence is inevitable, of spreading love and charity among all men, and of creating a deep-rooted sentiment of human brotherhood, impossible when men's passions are at their full. In its entire and best sense Mr. Howells is *Fin de Siecle*.

The little book which has been looked forward to with so much curiosity by Mr. Howells' admirers, is composed of twenty-eight papers. These papers have been written at various times and in varying moods and this fact renders it difficult to get at Mr. Howells' opinions. The spirit of all his novels and which is sketched above, runs through these papers and is boldly stated in the final one, but his opinions on the detail of fiction are like those of most of us—hard to crystalize. In fact, except in his detestation of heroics or what is known as "virility," he nearer Mr. Lang's point of view than he would care to admit. Mr. Lang has no particular opinions about how a novel shall be written, but if it is interesting and enjoyable he looks at it from the author's standpoint and ignores its faults if they are not at once apparent. A novel that is not on the whole true to life or to certain phases of it, is not interesting to him, and he adopts as his standards in the treatment of life, Homer and Shakespeare. He makes mistakes sometimes, but they are always mistakes of over-praise. That Mr. Howells also appreciates the excellences which have raised certain authors to the position of idols, and which Mr. Lang delights to analyze, is subtly apparent from these short essays of his. But he would scorn to say so openly. These idols are most of them English, and as Mr. Howells has a deep-rooted and unreasonable dislike of anything English, he is all the more ready to point out the feet of clay. This readiness to discover faults and to leave excellences unmentioned is unjust, and Mr. Howells is repaid by having injustice done him.

He is everywhere stated to be wedded to the "commonplace," but this is untrue. His desire is that material generally supposed to be commonplace be used and raised above the contemptuous stigma, but he enjoys the finer kinds of romance. All he asks is that the author show that life is earnest, by truthfully portraying character, no matter what the surroundings may be, and refrain from exaggerating certain emotions. He believes that the ethical purpose in fiction is higher than the artistic one, or rather that any story that is true to the texture of life, must serve both an artistic and an ethical purpose. He calls on authors again to remember that life is earnest, that there are sin and sorrow and shame in the world, and to cease to fritter away time and undermine the souls of their readers by artificiality.

But his moods vary, as was said above, and he admits the necessity of the lighter reading in moderation. Again, treating of the so-called French realists in a fine piece of criticism, he shows them to be not realists, but freaks, whose writings are entirely untrue to the texture of life, showing but an abnormal and hideous enlargement of one of the passions. He shows that the talk about the Young Person is nonsense, and that if one will not treat of the subject supposed to be forbidden, in its true position in the texture—again the same expressive word—of life the Young Person will not be heard of.

The *fin de siecle* lam spoken of is apparent in his selection of the three greatest English novelists, Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope—though he admits that the latter's soul is bourgeois—and Thomas Hardy. Two of these are authors without breadth, and Mr. Howells is himself as great as any of them with a broad, democratic spirit shining through all his novels, though they may depict the death of personal action. His book would have been improved by judicious weeding and a condensation into three or four longer essays. His closing sentences contain writing worth the balance of the book:

"The art which in the meantime disdains the office of teacher is one of the last refuges of the aristocratic spirit, which is disappearing from politics and society, and is now seeking to shelter itself in æsthetics. . . Democracy in literature . . . wishes to know and to tell the truth, confident that consolation and delight are there; it does not care to paint the marvelous and impossible for the vulgar many, or to sentimentalize and falsify the actual for the vulgar few. Men are more like than unlike one another; let us make them know one another better, that they may be all humbled and strengthened with a sense of their fraternity. Neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they somehow clearly or obscurely tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests; they are all lower than the rudest crafts that feed and house and clothe, for except they do this office they are idle; and they cannot do this except from and through the truth."

This is the best side of *fin de siecle* ism; but, though men be one like unto the other, heroworship is not dead yet, and most of us will still continue to bow down to action and Homeric fire though from afar off.

TOUCHSTONE.

*CRITICISM AND FICTION by W. D. Howells; New York: Harper Bros., 1891

Music.

Music has formed quite a feature of the convention of the National Educational Association, the bands of the Royal Grenadiers, Queen's Own Rifles and C Company, R.S.I., having taken part in these entertainments. The meetings of the different sections, as well as the general meetings, were enlivened by the result of a happy thought of Mr. James L. Hughes. At his suggestion the principal singers of the city were invited to sing a solo each at one or other of these meetings, and very hearty responses were made by those who had not yet left town. The gatherings were very much brightened by these little offerings, and from what I saw of the thoroughly hearty appreciation of the singing shown by the audiences, I should say that none of our singers would have cause to regret the trifling inconvenience they were subjected to in responding to Mr. Hughes' call. Among those taking part in this manner were: Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Mrs. A. Huycke Garratt, Frau Dunnar-Morawetz, Mrs. R. J. Hall, Miss Bessie Bonsall, Miss Pridham, Miss Annie B. Rose, Miss F. M. Pringle, Miss L'lli Kleiser, Miss Agnes Forbes, Miss Edith Mason, Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Mortimer, Miss Herson, Miss Eva N. Roblin, Miss Maud Snarr, Miss Evelyn Severs, Miss Rutherford, Mr. Harry M. Blight, Mr. J. Bryce Mundie, Mr. Fred Warrington, Mr. Douglas Bird, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. R. J. Hall, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. C. J. Baguley, and Mr. Harold Jarvis, who came over specially from Detroit to take part in the music for the N. E. A. Mrs. H. M. Blight and Mr. R. J. Hall rendered excellent service with the accompaniments. At the meetings of the music section a battle-royal was expected between Mr. Cringan of Toronto and Mr. Holt of Boston, the champions of the Sol Fa and staff notations respectively, but at the present time of writing it has not come off. The other principal items, the Children's Concert and the Promenade Concert at the Granite Rink, are too late for notice in this issue, as are also the concerts of the Young Women's Christian Guild.

Apropos of my remarks of last week concerning music festivals, it is worthy of mention that there are several full grown ones on the *tapis* across the Atlantic. Without specially mentioning the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth which begins on the 19th inst., there is also one this week at Salzburg in centennial commemoration of Mozart, at which the most prominent German artists will assist—the programme including Mozart's Requiem, part of The Magic Flute, the D minor piano concerto, the G minor symphony, the Jupiter symphony, some string quartettes, and The Marriage of Figaro. The triennial Handel Festival just held in London was a great success. The chorus numbered 743 sopranos, 776 altos, 688 tenors, and 793 basses. The orchestra was 524 strong, led by 114 first violins. The soloists were Mme. Albani, Mme. Belle Cole and Mme. Lilian Nordica. Next month the great Birmingham Musical Festival takes place with the following for attractions: Dvorak's new Requiem Mass, Villiers Stanford's dramatic oratorio Eden, Dr. Mackenzie's Veni Creator Spiritus, Bach's Passion music, St. Matthew, Berlioz's Faust and Dr. Perry's Blest Pair of Sirens.

Regarding the prospects of a festival here next year, I may say that many have spoken to me during the week with approbation and none with disapproval. That is, of the scheme in general of holding a musical festival. Regarding the details, I do not find so much unanimity, although the plan of placing all the oratorio work in the hands of one conductor now finds little opposition. The principal divergence of opinion will be found over the question of orchestra and soloists, many holding that the scheme suggested would be too expensive in this respect. I am afraid that they lose sight of the fact that the best things draw the most money. At all events, I think it may be taken as a pretty sure thing that a movement will be made in the autumn to organize a festival for the early summer of 1892. At present, of course, there are too many people away from town, and the weather is too hot to allow of energetic planning, but later on it ought to be possible to start an effort to make our city hold its own in music on a large scale with other cities on the continent.

The Canadian Society of Musicians, not having found as hearty support from the teachers of the country as it expected, and indeed as it deserves, some time ago sent out circulars to its members asking for a short sketch of their views of the advantages which the successful working of the organization will obtain for the cause of music and its teachers. This was done I believe with the view of gathering ammunition for a fresh charge on the uninitiated, so as to strengthen the society and embrace within its arms a larger membership, and above all to make its annual meetings more interesting and attended by a larger number of musicians. A few answers have been received by the executive, most of which have come from those members who are most active in advancing the interests of the society, but few have arrived from the rank and file. The fact is that the members have largely lost their interest in the meetings, and those who have attended one or two annual conventions do not see enough in them to encourage them to go on, and as few new members come in, the society is very much at a standstill. The advantages to be gained from membership in the C. S. M. are already pretty concisely set forth in the clause of its constitution announcing its objects: "The encouragement and fostering of musical art in all its forms; and the promotion of the higher interests of the musical profession, the interchange of ideas, and the cultivation of fraternal feeling among its members."

This is a broad enough platform, and if consistently carried out, would prove sufficiently advantageous to all coming within its scope, without need of further reference to details. But the difficulty lies in the fact that mistakes have been made by the society, the results of which it is now suffering from. It was organized as the Ontario Music Teachers' Association, and as such commanded loyalty and sympathy from the great and the small alike who were teaching music. The grander title, Canadian Society of Musicians, however, appealed to the mental mirror of a majority of its members, and the old name went. This was mistake number one, for while most of the members were music teachers, very few of them were musicians in the broader sense of the word. With this mistake was coupled the second one of instituting examinations to qualify for membership—that is, for new applicants for the honor. The old members were already inside the fence and did not need to climb. So that first of all, the poor country music teacher was frightened by the idea of calling herself a musician, then frightened once more by the fear of an examination, and as a result the applications for membership became fewer and fewer. The first object of such a society should be to get as many within the shadow of its wing as possible and then raise their ambitions and their knowledge.

If the same people meet at stated intervals, they stagnate although they may have a good time. Membership should be open to all who teach and who are willing to pay the annual fee. Once within the society, they should go up for its examinations, which should be graded, and to successful candidates certificates should be issued. By such a plan as this the membership will be enlarged, the conventions will have better attendance, and the society will flourish. If the C. S. M. will face the situation boldly, and have enough true pride to realize its mistake and correct it, it may still become one of the most powerful musical factors of Canada; for its conventions, if attended by those who want to learn and hear, will afford both pleasure and profit if well arranged essays, discussions, concerts and recitals are presented, for by these means the country teacher is given experiences that come to him all too seldom. Even the city teacher, *blase* and doubtful of the excellence of others as he often is, will have his *amour propre* gratified and his large stock of knowledge increased by finding in the performances of others so many things to be avoided. Few of us are too old or know too much to learn something in addition to our store, and we can all attend such meetings and carry away a little grain of new knowledge at the very least, and many (not of us) can benefit such a society by joining it and imparting of their knowledge to their less fortunate brethren.

Mr. A. T. Cringan, instructor in music in the city schools, left on a visit to Scotland yesterday.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

WRITER in the *Theatre* says:—Managers are seriously debating the question as to the prospect of the 'legitimate' next season. The death of Barrett and the absence of Booth from the field have left a void that some younger people are aching to fill. Louis James appeared to be coasting to the front some time ago, but lately he has become so stilted and woodeny that he has lost many of his former magnetic qualities. He has practically given up starring in Shakespearean parts. There really does not seem to be any man now before us calculated to be a great tragedian. The women appear to be more ambitious. Miss Gale, who played for several seasons with Mr. Barrett, will start out for herself next season, with a reasonable chance for success. She is rather of the Mary Anderson order and could be taught a great deal. Miss Julia Marlowe's progression will probably attract more general attention than that of any other woman on the American stage. Modjeska has also arranged to travel and has engaged an excellent company, including John A. Lane and Ben. G. Rogers. Mr. Lane ought to go to a teacher of elocution during the interim and have attention called to some faults that have lately grown upon him to an alarming extent. His speech is now so jerky, and insignificant words are so emphatically declaimed, that the audience find it difficult to understand him at all. This is an outrageous failing on the part of an actor who has done so much good work in the past. I think Mr. Rogers improves with age, although he has a few faults clinging to him still, which would have disappeared long ago if he had been given intelligent criticism during his long career with the old Buffalo stock company. As it is, he is one of the very best representatives of the "old school" now before us. There were some things about that "old school" that made many actors, and I think it would be very well to establish another one on the same order. There are a few stage traditions that ought not to be wiped out. But the old atmosphere, so suasive that the very smell of an empty theater did your heart good, seems to be dying out with the new era of wooden doors and brass knobs, fancy curtains and gingerbread decorations. It does tickle me indeed to see the big green curtain at Palmer's; that is at least one dreamful suggestion of those days when the theater was so mysterious, when I thought it would be perfect happiness to touch the garment of "an actor."

Before he was famous Richard Mansfield, the tragedian, lived in a flat on Sixth avenue. "Some years ago I was sitting in a room of my flat late one night," said Alfred Trumble *apropos* of this, "quietly smoking a cigar. Suddenly I heard a group of darkies sing very badly one of those negro songs of Steve Foster's. I listened, however, for I was in the mood. All at once the execrable singing was interrupted by a voice that took up the negro song and continued it in a rich baritone. I looked out to see who the interrupter was and I caught sight of a man who opened the window opposite me, and, leaning out, sang and hushed the darkies by his very excellence. The words were something like this:

Many days we've been a-weary,
Around de cabin door;
It's de song and cry of de weary,
'Hard times, hard times, come again no moah!
Hard times, hard times, come again no moah!'

Who, do you suppose the interrupter at the window was? Why, Richard Mansfield. He wasn't a comedian, tragedian or anything of note then, but he could sing, and I tell you he did make those darkies in the courtyard stop their bawling that night and look at him with white-eyed admiration as he beat them at their own song."

Peggy Pryde, an English concert hall singer and the daughter of Jennie Hill, an old-timer who played havoc with the hearts of America's gilded youths, is now delighting the drinking and smoking *habitues* of Koster & Bial's with the following song:

I don't like a chap who's a masher,
And stand one I'm sure I could not,
Who says, "Oh, how do" spends a penny or two
And thinks he's a jolly big lot.
He strolls up and down Piccadilly,
And thinks he's so swellish and gay.
An order he'll get, but won't pay, you can bet,
To drop in and stare at a play.

But give me the bloke as is willing
To take his girl out for a treat,
Who don't care if he spends a shilling
As long as his evening's complete;
Who treats her to fish and to oysters
On a regular liberal plan;
Who says, "Come on, Sal; we'll be jolly, old gal!"
Well, he's what I calls a man.

And then there's the chap as comes spooning,
And swears by the skies up above,
He twangs the guitar and sings tra, la, la,
And tells the poor girl he's in love.
He swears like a queen he will keep her,
And feed her from night until morn,
While he very well knows that his best suit of clothes
For weeks have been lumbered in pawn.

But give me the honest and rough 'un,
Who ain't quite afrightened to speak,
Who hollers, "Just say if you'll have me.
And we'll get strung up in a week!"
Who'll kiss you a regular buster
And does it as only he can,
Who wops up a quart as a laborer ought—
Well, he's what I calls a man.

I can't stand the fellow who's grumpy,
And never inclined for a laugh;
Whose temper gets short if you go in for sport,
And won't take a morsel of chaff;
Who, if you in fun should just happen
To hit him a whack on the nose,
Fires up in a tiff and to court in a jiff
To issue a summons he goes.

But give me the chap who is ready
To put up his "dukes" with a smile,
Who, though he may have a hard tussle
Will merrily laugh all the while;
Who, though he may get a good mauling,
Stands up on his feet while he can;
Who'll say with a jest, "Here, I'll give you the best!"
Well, he's what I calls a man.

A good story is told in the Stuttgart *Neue Musik-Zeitung* concerning one of the most eminent German actresses and a theatrical critic, equally well known to fame. A number of ladies and gentlemen were the other day traveling together in a railway carriage from Dresden to Leipzig. Only two of the passengers knew each other, but the conversation soon became general, and the Court Theater at Dresden became the subject of discussion. One lady who had been present the evening before at the representation of Euryanthe, was loud in her expressions of disapproval. "Worse than all," she exclaimed, "that Madame Schroder is much too old for her part; her singing is becoming unbearable. Don't you think so, too?" she asked, turning to the gentleman next to her. "Would you not rather tell all this to Madame Schroder herself? She is sitting opposite to you," he replied, coldly. After the general silence which followed this remark the critical lady turned to the actress with many confused apologies. "It is that horrid critic, Schmieder, who has influenced my judgment concerning your singing. I believe it is he who is always writing against you. He must be a most disagreeable and pedantic person." "Had you not better tell all this to Mr. Schmieder himself?" calmly asked the actress; "he is sitting next to you."

Mr. Dixey is credited with a story concerning an English actor who was a member of a company recently snowbound in the Sierras. When the train reached a small station at which there was a restaurant, the Englishman was the first to find a seat at the table.

"Bring me in a hurry," he said to the landlord, a burly Western man, "a porterhouse steak, some deviled kidneys, a brace of chops, plenty of vegetable and two bottles of Bass's bitter beer."

The landlord stuck his head out of the dining-room door and yelled to somebody in the rear apartment: "Say, Bill, tell the band to play Rule Britannia; the Prince of Wales is here."

During his appearance in Jim the Penman, Mr. Beerbohm Tree had an amusing experience on the railway, which is thus related by Arthur Goddard in his Players of the Period:

"Mr. Tree had been down to Oxford at a matinee, calculating that by dressing and making up as Hartfeld in the train he would reach the Haymarket just in time to prevent a stage wait. The Oxford performance was late, and Mr. Tree only just caught his train to London by throwing an ulster over his Iago dress and bolting for the station. Arrived there, he tipped the guard and got a compartment to himself. So far, good. By the first stoppage the Iago beard was off, and Mr. Tree bore the appearance of an ordinary English gentleman, to the obvious mystification of the guard, who looked in as he passed along the platform, stared, grunted, but ended at that.

When the time came for taking the tickets another change had taken place. The wig and whiskers of Baron Hartfeld in Jim the Penman had been assumed, and above all the Hartfeld nose; and when the hawk-like and forbidding face loomed out of the growing shadows in answer to the cry of "tickets" the suspicion of the guard was thoroughly roused. To cap it all Mr. Tree had lost his ticket. This was the last straw, and with ominous severity the guard said severely:

"Lost it! I dessay! Come! take off that nose! We know your sort."

Only by a big tip could the guard be prevented from marching the actor off to prison. Mr. Tree is convinced that the guard fully believes to this day that he aided and abetted in the escape of some desperate criminal."

Twilight.

For Saturday Night.

Beneath a chestnut lying,
The soft winds gently sighing,
The light in the far west dying
In glowing heaps.

The sun in splendor sinking,
The clouds the bright west plaking,
The blue with the golden linking
On yonder steeps.

The insects around me humming,
The owl the night air drumming,
The breeze from the dim west coming
Out of the deeps.

The stars in the gloaming peering,
The moon its crest uprearing,
The bird his smooth course veering
His still watch keeps.

Beside me the streamlet flowing,
Afar the cattle lowing,
The moonlight in splendor growing
Around me creeps.

Homeward a light heart bringing,
The air with the sweet strain ringing,
The harvester joyously singing
No longer reaps.

"The hour to rest from toiling,"
Sweet twilight's minstrels calling,
Though the shadows around me falling
Come from the deeps.

So an ear obedient lending,
Homeward my glad step wending,
Peace with the spirit blending
All nature sleeps.

W. G. S.

At Death of Day.

For Saturday Night.

The sun is setting down behind the clouds
In all his glory wondrous to behold.
The snowy mountains of his glorious land
Are bordered with a wavering line of gold.

Each glistening raindrop sparkling on the grass,
Brightens and dances as though set with light,
And every tiny pool and window pane
By golden sparks of sunset is made bright.

Among the branches of the stately pines
A million little fairies dance and spring,
And each one carries 'mong the darking wood,
A wondrous flush of brightness on its wing.

The sun drops downward, then is lost to view;
The clouds hover and the glorious light
From their broad gateway shines, then passes down;
The world is lost to glory in the night.

P. E. C.

Of Course.

For Saturday Night.

"Of course I've got an ideal man—
I'll tell you what he's like," she said,
"He's tall and dark," and she began
To dream aloud of whom she'd wed.

While talking thus she sudden spied
Not far away a fellow, slim
And blonde and small. "Now look," she cried,
"There's little S sitt. Who'd marry him?"

A single year has passed away
Since first she talked of her ideal,
And now she's wed—was wed to-day.—
And I was there and saw her kneel.

With whom she knelt, have you divined
What "tall dark man" she coupled with?
A happier girl you couldn't find,
Nor happier man than little Smith.

H. SILONE.

A Simile.

For Saturday Night.

A little seed was planted in the earth.
The sun and rain brought small, green shoots to birth.

These, taking courage, grew so tall and strong,
Before two leaves appeared it was not long.

These folding backward, a small bud was seen,
But worthless it appeared, hard, small and green.

But lo! when time a certain length had sped,
A tall, white lily reared its stately head.

Man laid the seed, but life he could not give,
The sun and rain 'twas made the lily live.

Thus in us is a seed of Life Eternal in need of care
Of spiritual Sun and Rain to make it flourish there.

And if these we receive right heartily,
A Flower of Righteousness the end will be:

Our hearts pure as the lily's cup of white,
Our hopes like to the golden pistil bright.

VIOLET ROBERTS.

Evening.

For Saturday Night.

Now sinks the sun,
The day to sleep has gone,
And as its eyelids gently close
The murmuring breeze lulls it to sweet repose.
And all is still.

The lights grow dim,
And golden fades to brown,
As far across yon western sky
The shadows faster, faster grow, then die
And all is gloom.

So in this life,
The world in youth is love;
Alas! the sorrows come as years roll by,
Then rich and poor alike lie down to die
And all is still.

Our lives depart,
Leaving but mist and gloom behind,
But as the sun, sinking, to shine with stronger light,
So in our lives, we die, die but to live in realms more bright
Where all is love.

TORONTO, June 22. ESTHER TALBOT K——

A Message.

For Saturday Night.

Accept this little, yellow flower,
I plucked it near a forest's mass,
Where, in a green and shady bower,
"Far from the madding crowd's" wild gass,
From out a sweet, plain-scented bed
It raised its wee, gold, star-like head.

Ah, little flower! go, to him speak
Of summer days, where sun-kissed breeze
Blows hope and peace across the lake,
Where love and faith find "tongues in trees."
Go, little flower, and mutely tell
Thine own, true tale, my immortelle.

NORA LAUGHER.

Why?

For Saturday Night.

Why do I love you, love, my love?
First tell me, oh! tell me why
The skylark soars from the earth below
To the vast of the cloudless sky?

He utters a song of wild delight,
Scarce knowing the reason why!
No more has the choice of the singing, he,
Than the choice of the loving, I!

JOSEPHINE WESLING.

Noted People.

Miss Nevins, a Brooklyn girl, earns her living by giving lessons in photography to men and women who wish to understand and use cameras for amateur or professional purposes.

Mr. Holman Hunt's Light of the World, which was sold for £10,000 to Mrs. Coombe, who presented it to Keble College, is about to be placed in the new morning chapel there, of which it is to form the altar-piece.

Another has been added to the list of royal authors. Queen Natalie has published a little novelette on one of the legends told among the Servian peasantry, entitled The Mother, and showing considerable literary ability.

Anton Rubinstein intends to pass the summer at Dresden, where he will live in strict retirement, in order that he may finish his oratorio Moses, and also a Russian opira, on which he has been engaged for several months.

Only once has the Emperor of Austria donned a frock coat and silk hat. This was in 1867, when he visited Paris for the Exhibition. Whether at home or traveling he invariably wears a uniform, except when he goes out shooting—of which he is particularly fond—when he is to be seen in a Tyrolese costume.

Miss Isabel Hapgood, whose excellent translations of Tolstoi and other Russian novelists have won her well deserved fame, is a tall, fine-looking woman, with gray hair and a winning smile. Her voice and manner in conversation are delightful, and make her a great favorite in the social circles of New York, which is her home.

Miss Emily Dickenson, whose poems have been published only since her death, is said to have left 800 manuscripts of complete poems and fragments of nearly as many more. Her shyness amounted almost to a mania and her later years were spent entirely in her own home, but she loved children and had a habit of lowering gifts to them from her windows.

"Miss Mollie E. Church, a colored graduate of Oberlin and now a teacher in the public schools of Washington, has been tendered the position of registrar of her Alma Mater. It is said that if she accepts she will be the first colored graduate of any leading college to become a member of its faculty." Oberlin is the place for the experiment. It was the first to open the doors of education to the colored youth.

Princess Hatzfeldt has determined that if she cannot go to New York this season and cannot have America in Paris, she will at least have American flowers there. She has just had sent to her by the French steamer some scores of plants, and a pleasing assortment of vegetable seeds, like sweet corn and sweet peas. Among the plants were a number of rosebushes that are expected to expand into American beauties on French soil.

Robert Louis Stevenson must have been a wonderfully modest young fellow. He thought "he would never be missed." Some fifteen years ago he was one of a small gathering of art students and others at Barbizon. A discussion arose as to which, out of them all, could best be spared by the world at large—who, in fact, would never be missed. Finally the matter was settled by a ballot, and every vote (his own included) was given for Stevenson.

It is said that Stanley was not the man first selected by James Gordon Bennett to find Livingstone. When the idea of a *Herald* search expedition occurred to Mr. Bennett he cast about for an available man and picked out a Scotchman named McPherson or McKenzie, or something of that kind. This gentleman set out for the East Coast of Africa, got as far as Zanzibar and mysteriously disappeared. What became of him is a profound mystery to this day.

Elaine Goodale, who wrote dainty verses when she was a little girl on her father's Berkshire Hills estate, Sky Farm, and who for several years has been identified with educational efforts among the Indians, was married in New York city last week to Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, the government medical inspector at Pine Ridge Agency. Dr. Eastman's grandmother was a beautiful Indian girl, and he is thus allied by blood to the race for the elevation of which his wife and himself will continue to labor. Their future home will be in Dakota.

Fear of assassination is said to be one reason why the Czar of Russia wears a full beard and never permits himself to be shaved. The barber to the imperial family of Romanoff is, nevertheless, the grandson of Michael Guelabovski, who declined, although offered a princely consideration, to cut the throat of the Czar Paul. This display of devotion obtained for the Guelabovski family consorial distinction as court, although it has never won the entire confidence of the present Czar. The Czar has probably not heard what Napoleon said of the man who shaved himself.

Princess Maude of Wales has a curious hobby for collecting ivory. At Marlborough House she has quite a collection of ivory curios. She has the tusks or elephants shot by her father and uncles. The Emperor of Russia has enriched her museum by sending the teeth of wild boars which have fallen to his guns. There are also in the Princess's collection the "ivories" of walruses, lions, tigers, sharks, seals and alligators. When the Duke of Edinburgh was a midshipman he assisted in capturing a monster hammer-head shark, the teeth of which are now in the Marlborough House Museum.

Here is a pretty story regarding the King of Italy. With the early days of summer Queen Margherita asked her royal husband for his candid opinion as to whether she was young enough to continue wearing her favorite costume, white muslin dresses. His Majesty gravely made reply: "This matter requires reflection." This was said in a very happy and good-humored way. A week or so after wards a huge box was delivered at the palace. The servants carried it into the apartments of the Queen, and said, as they had been instructed, "That is His Majesty's reply." When the Queen opened the box she found that it was full of her favorite summer dresses, which King Humbert had ordered for his wife from a Paris firm.

The Liberation of Father Rhone.

BY EVELYN DURAND.

Father Rhone was lying on his back, endeavoring to breathe. The casements of his little dormer window were flung wide open, but the night was sultry and no air appeared to enter. It was not the lack of air, however, that troubled Father Rhone; it was a sense of suffocation, an indescribable oppression, which he continually felt. The others used to laugh and attribute it to his increasing portliness of habit, but he would shake his head and mutter to himself that he knew better. At length, distressed beyond endurance by his inability to sleep and the restlessness which possessed him, he got out of bed in the heavy blackness of early morning. Fumbling about in the dark he found his garments. Then he opened the door, went noiselessly along the corridor, past the dormitory of sleeping boys and stole stealthily down the uncarpeted stairs to the long hall-way which led into the church. The impenetrable darkness was unrelieved by any tint of light, but he moved along the passages as certainly as if it were full day. Did he not know them well enough? Had he not spent his life among them? Spent his life——Father Rhone paused. It seemed but yesterday since his parents had stood here in this hall and the mother had taken the little fellow in her arms and pressing his face regretfully to her own, had whispered in her ignorance that they would soon return. And yesterday was forty years ago and the little child had changed into a man, knowing neither when nor why.

He crept on until he reached the western door and found himself within the church. Even here he could not breathe. Up and down the long, straight aisles he paced and only his soft, measured foot-falls broke the silence. The darkness stimulated his imagination as light excites the visual nerves; and walking back and forth he sighed and panted, while before his eyes there trooped the long procession of past years. There was the boy with the school books and the little ambitions, the youth with the enthusiastic resolutions, the young priest and the great good to be done. He had preached but once or twice, his sermons had been found displeasing. He employed himself about the college; he was a favorite with the few who knew him in the parish; he rarely went abroad except to take the line of boys. And it was this he had accomplished, and it was thus the many years had passed.

He crossed the nave and commenced slowly pacing up and down the eastern wing. His thick light hair was turning gray of late, his lips were drooping, not with bitterness but with passivity. At that age when men and women should be most strong and rich, he felt himself most old and poor. He was in the southern portion of the church beside the narrow pews, when suddenly he paused. He was strangely conscious of a presence. He continued up the aisleway and turned as he had done before. His heart was beating violently. Again he paused—again there was that sense of human presence. Instinctively he reached forth his hand—then started back.

"Who is there?" he cried, aghast.

"You must not fear."

"What are you doing here?" he shouted in his astonishment.

"Last night I heard the music. I came in to rest. They did not see me and I remained. You must not mind, I will go now." The voice that answered him was brave and gentle.

"No," said Father Rhone in a bewildered tone, "wait until the light."

He leaned against the pillar, wondering.

This is a woman, he thought; in his life he had seldom spoken with a woman.

"Have you no home?" he asked at length, as this companionship became less unfamiliar.

"No," she said.

"You are in the world alone?"

"Oh, there are many people known to me." She spoke quite simply, quite frankly, as if her hidden interlocutor were her friend.

He pondered.

"Well, there is nothing I could do for you, but they might——"

In her surprise she interrupted him. "I want nothing done for me."

"But," began Father Rhone.

"You see, I work," she exclaimed. "There is a man, a great man; the grandeur of his intellect is gone, but the grandeur of his spirit will not go—he is very old and he was dying in his little lonely room. I took him to the hospital upon the river there. And now he lies in an apartment fresh and sweet, and separated from the rest. A nurse is always with him, and she is very kind. There are flowers on the table by his bed. His face is bright and beautiful." She paused, then remembering the reason which had prompted this relation, added: "This requires what I earn just now."

He made no response.

"There are some," she continued, "who say: 'Why is he great?' And I can only answer: 'Why is God great!'"

"Do they?" returned Father Rhone, absently.

The sable shadows of the night were gradually receding, and at the windows peered the fleeting face of dawn. After a long interval he said:

"The world is very evil."

"They are like you and me—they are better and worse as they have grown up here or there."

To this he made no answer, but ventured:

"You would seem happy."

"I do not know what happiness may mean. But I am glad to be young and strong and to be in the world. I am glad to love and to work."

There was in her voice ineffable cheer—there was contagion in her vigor. They could not see each other, but with that perception which is independent of the accidents of flesh and blood, they recognized their kindred spirits.

A silence had fallen again between them when Father Rhone, urged by some new influence, gave utterance to his constant thought.

"I cannot breathe—I am smothering."

"There are many who are smothering," she said, then suddenly arose, for a beam of yellow light had glanced athwart them.

He accompanied her into the vestibule. He unlocked the heavy door and stood upon the threshold as she passed down the steps. The sun was rising, and the long, refulgent fingers pierced the clouds, and touched the blue illimitable dome of heaven. A soft, salt breeze blew up the river from the sea, and in the distance he beheld the glittering turrets of the hospital and pictured to himself the dying old man with his face bright and beautiful. The mighty city was reverberating with awakened sound, and its people were uprising from their ornate couches and their heaps of straw. A large hay-cart was rumbling lazily along the road, and the driver sat aloft flicking the air with his whip. The girl was walking down the path beside the tall, green hedge. She looked back at him smiling and said, "Perhaps you might breathe better here." He saw the trees glorified with their delicate young leaves, he heard the robins' clear and thrilling note, he caught the faint, delicious fragrance of the flowering currant bushes near the chapel. He turned away, relocked the door, and entered once again the shadow-laden church. He neared the chancel gates and smelt the incense heavily. Ah! This suffocation! He hesitated, stopped, remained a minute motionless, following mechanically with his eye the crimson pattern of the parquetry. Then, impelled by what he knew not, he retraced his steps; into the vestibule, down the path, along the street he went direct and resolute. The girl had disappeared from view, but the sun was there, and the freshness and the beauty of the morning, and before him lay the world and the opportunity of life.

Jephtha's Daughter in the Mountains.

For Saturday Night.

The glorious sap of youth doth swell the grass,
And here and there peep forth the earliest flowers;
Before I die, they too away shall pass;
I fain would live with them my dying hours.

The new-born lambs bleat in the sunlight warm;
I love to watch them, tho' they make me weep,
That I should die before a babe's soft form
Should cling to mine and on my bosom sleep.

The earth is very beautiful, O God!
The streamlets singing down from realms of snow,
Shining in sunlight, shadowed many a rod,
Call me with them to laughing thro' life go.

But then is borne to me as from the skies,
Celestial music, singing in my ears,
Ebbing and flowing,—as it slowly dies
Trembling with love I lose all doubts and fears.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

The Pluck of Mrs. Murphy.

Martin Murphy when sober carries the hod in a manner satisfactory to himself and his employers. Martin Murphy when not sober is in the habit of getting tangled up with policemen, judges and courts in a manner not at all satisfactory to himself or any one else.

Now, Martin had a job over in Brooklyn that was good. He worked steadily for two weeks and was paid the other night. When he got his money and indulged in several mixed ales, flavored with black pepper, it occurred to him that he had worked two full weeks without making a break or getting full himself. This discovery surprised and saddened him. He resolved to blot the stain from his record and the result was that Martin Murphy was before a police magistrate the next morning.

"You were drunk," said the judge.

"I was," said Martin, easily and honestly.

"You tried to thrash the officer," said the judge.

"Faith if I'd a tried I'd a done it," said Martin.

"Well, you will take five days or $5," said the judge.

"I'll take 'em both, Yer Hanner," said Martin with a diplomatic wave of the hand. And so an hour or so later Martin rode to prison in solemn state.

About the same time Mrs. Murphy learned what had befallen her husband. She was face to face with an emergency and she rose to meet it. There were two things that she determined must be done—Martin must be got out of jail and his job must be kept for him. The first was easy enough. She went to a gentleman with a "pull" and he said Martin should be free before the next day. That being attended to, Mrs. Murphy repaired to the buildings where Martin had been working.

"Who be's the boss of this job?" she inquired of a red-shirted gentleman who was pushing and pulling a hoe languidly through a pile of mortar. The "boss of the job" was pointed out, and to him Mrs. Murphy addressed herself.

"Ye've a man carryin' the hod fer ye av the name of Murphy!" she said.

"I have," was the reply, "but he isn't here to-day."

"I know he's not," said Mrs. Murphy, "but he'll be here in the mornin' or I'll know it! Where's his hod?"

"In the building, where he left it," said the builder. Into the building Mrs. Murphy went. When she came out her skirts were tied about her in a most peculiar sort of way, and she bore her husband's hod in the regulation way. The builder had washed a little distance away, and did not notice Mrs. Murphy lay her hod down carefully, load it with brick and shoulder it. When he did see her she was going up the ladder as steadily as his head hod-carrier could.

"Hey, there!" he shouted, "come down out of that."

"Wait till I've dumped me hod," said Mrs. Murphy, and dump it she did before she came down.

"See here," he said when she came down, "this thing won't do."

"What thing?" inquired Mrs. Murphy.

"You can't carry the hod here."

"I'll carry the hod agin any man on yer job," retorted Mrs. Murphy stoutly. "This is Martin Murphy's hod an' I'm his wife, an' I'm goin' to kape this job for him. I'll do his work like day an' I'll have himself here in the mornin'," and with that she turned away, loaded her hod and mounted the ladder again. The builder was puzzled, but helpless. The other workmen scarcely knew what to make of the affair. But resolute Mrs. Murphy soon put them on record. When she came down the ladder for the second time she reached down in a long pocket and drew out a silver quarter.

"Bye," she said, "I'm goin' to pay me futtin' on this job. Is there a man among ye that'll go to the store for me?"

There was, and he went. When he returned he handed the can of foaming ale to Mrs. Murphy. She raised it to her lips and took a goodly draught.

"Now, byes," she said, "fer the rist av the day I'm kapin' Martin Murphy's job."

And she did. She carried hod and hod with the other men for the whole afternoon and despite her skirts, was fairly skilful. At six o'clock she put her hod away, shook hands with the other workers—they insisted on that—and went home. She had saved Martin's job and half a day's wages. When Martin came home from jail that night, penitent, she helped him off and made him sign the pledge. Next morning she sent him back to the job she had saved for him and he is there yet.

Now and then one of his fellow-workmen will remark: "Ye're a good man, but feth, yer wife's a better man."

But Martin merely says: "Be gorr, I believe you're right," for Martin is a truthful man.

The best thing about this story is that it is strictly true except in the matter of names. The heroine of it is not inclined to be boastful.

The Berrypickers.

The above is a sketch of Mr. G. A. Reid's latest picture, The Berrypickers. It is now on exhibition in the Paris Salon and has met with praise everywhere.

She merely says that "washin' is harder nor hod carryin'." And she ought to know.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

Venice and Her Citizens.

As the patriotic Briton aspires to a monument in Westminster Abbey, and the Florentine in Santa Croce, so the Venetian artist coveted for his works a place in the palace of the Doges. That was his Temple of Fame. His dream, however, soared beyond the gratification of personal ambition; he desired that through him the glory and beauty of Venice might be enhanced and immortalized. This devotion to the ideal of a city, this true patriotism, has, unfortunately, almost disappeared from the earth. The very conception of it is now unintelligible to most persons. The city where you live—New York, Boston, London—you value in proportion as it affords advantages for your business, objects for your comfort and amusement; but you quit it without compunction if taxes be lower and trade better elsewhere. You are interested in its affairs just in so far as they affect your own. When you build a dwelling or a factory, you do not inquire whether it will improve or injure your neighbor's property, much less whether it will be an ornament to the city; you need not even abate a nuisance until compelled to do so by the law.

But to the noble-minded Venetian his city was not merely a convenience; it was a personality. Venezia was a spiritual patroness, a goddess who presided over the destiny of the state; he and every one of his fellow citizens shared the honor and blessing of her protection. She had crowned with prosperity his energy and piety, the rectitude and justice of his ancestors through many centuries. Every act of his had more than a personal, more even than a human bearing. How would it affect her!—that was his test. He could do nothing unto himself alone; for good or for ill, what he did reacted upon the community, upon the Ideal Venezia. The outward city—the churches, palaces, and dwellings—was but the garment and visible expression of that ideal city. Venezia had blessed him, and he was grateful; she was beautiful, and he loved her. His gratitude impelled him to deeds worthy of her protection; his love blossomed in gifts that should increase her beauty.

This reverence and devotion have, as I remarked, vanished from among men; yet in this ideal beams the conception of the true commonwealth. Observe that those three cities which held such an ideal before them have bequeathed to us the most precious works of beauty. Athens, Florence, Venice,—these are the Graces among the cities. At Karnak, at Constantinople, at Rome, at Paris, you will behold stupendous ruins or imposing monuments commemorating the pride and power of individual Pharaohs, Sultans, Cesars, Popes, and Napoleons, but you will not find the spirit which was worshipped by the beautifying of the Acropolis, and of republican Florence, and of Venice. Will the most diligent search discover it in New York or Chicago?—*Atlantic.*

On Reading Landor.

Among the chief hindrances to reading Landor are the exactions he makes of a reader; whether these are to be considered largely on the reader. With regard to his alleged excessive condensation, within which lies one difficulty, it is to be said that we who skim novels and newspapers are so in the way of expecting from writers all kinds of useless help, so-called, are so thoroughly accustomed to diffuseness which professes to be explanatory, that we often do not feel, as we read, with what a dead weight of words we are burdened. Verbal prodigality is generally more injurious to style and more tiresome than verbal parsimony. De Quincey, whose habit in this respect is the direct converse of Landor's. I find at least as hard to read for two or three hours on end. Landor's fault—for he sometimes, though by no means always, carries compression too far—makes for greater alertness of mind and keener discrimination in the reader. If he incline to exercise too often our goat-like power of leaping over spaces usually bridged for travelers on foot, it is equally true that mountain-climbing from which all difficulties have been cleared, loses its charm. This is the impression very indicated by Mr. Swinburne, through which he asks us to follow, people in general are not mentally agile enough to keep him long in sight, in no degree fatigued by exhilarating effect of the climb on those blessed with legs and wind—rather the reverse.

In a word, Landor needs a trained reader, able to tell the best and the second-best apart, and fully to enjoy the best. Such a reader must know more history and more literature than most people know. For Landor's usual method is to presuppose in the reader a knowledge of everything that concerns his speakers, and to put them on the stage not in any scene recorded of them, but in scenes not inconsistent with what is recorded of their lives and characters. Whereas Shakespeare is apt, in his historical plays, to follow history more or less closely, Landor is apt, as we were, to invent history; where Shakespeare tells what happened, Landor would tell something implying a knowledge of what happened.—*Scribner.*

English Railway Fiction.

It is not in penny fiction alone that the railway bookstalls do a thriving trade. The shilling novels stand in goodly rows, inviting you to a purchase you are sure afterwards to regret. The average shilling novel in England differs from the average penny novel in size only; and, judged by measurement, the sole standard it is possible to apply, it should, to warrant its price, be about six times its length. Lord Elwyn's Daughter and The Nun's Curse, at a shilling each, bear such a strong family resemblance to their penny cousins, Golden Chains and Her Bitter Burden, that it needs their outward dress to distinguish them; and Haunted and The Man who Vanished carry their finest thrills in their titles. Quite early in my search, I noticed at the Waterloo station three shilling novels—Weaker than Woman, Lady Hutton's Ward and Diana's Discipline, all advertised conspicuously as being by the author of Dora Thorne. Feeling that my ignorance of Dora Thorne herself was a matter for regret and enlightenment, I asked for her at once, to be told she was not in stock, but I might, if I liked, have Lady Gwendolen's Dream, by the same writer. I declined Lady Gwendolen, and at the next station once more demanded Dora Thorne. In vain! The young man in attendance glanced over his volumes, shook his head, and offered me Diana's Discipline, and a fresh book, The Fatal Lilies, also by the author of Dora Thorne. Another stall at another station had all five of these novels, and a sixth one in addition, A Golden Heart, by the author of Dora Thorne, but still no Dora. Elsewhere I encountered Her Martyrdom and Which Loved Him Best, both stamped with the cabalistic words: "By the Author of Dora Thorne;" and so it continued to the end. New stories without number, all from the same pen, and all counterfeiting "By the Author of Dora Thorne," but never Dora. From first to last she remained elusive, invisible, unattainable—a Mrs. Harris among books, a name and nothing more.—*Atlantic.*

Garden Parties.

Invitations to a garden party are issued one or two weeks before the day fixed upon; a short notice generally means that the party is gotten up impromptu, in honor of unexpected friends. "Tennis" should always be put on the cards when tennis is to be played, that the guests may dress themselves accordingly, the gentlemen in tennis suits, and the young ladies in suitable tennis frocks, and provided wit racquets and shoes. The invitations should always be given in the name of the hostess on At Home cards, and the R. S. V. P. should meet with prompt attention. A good band is sometimes engaged for a garden party, but lovers of tennis find the game sufficiently amusing in itself. It must be a lovely day to induce a hostess to venture upon having her refreshments served under the trees. Of course it is pleasant when this can be done, but too often a thunderstorm bursts upon the party and creates a panic, and a general rush into the house is the result; and, after all, the large dining-room of a mansion is the best rendezvous for tea on the hottest of days when a large party is assembled. To say that fruit and ices, several kinds of dainty sandwiches of cucumber, mustard and cress, eggs, pounded sardines, anchovies and *de foie gras* are provided, in addition to pretty cakes and substantial ones, is a foregone conclusion, as it would be to say that the drinks include tea, coffee, iced coffee, lemonade or claret cup. The arrangements differ slightly. In some houses the fruit and claret cup occupy one room, while the tea and other refreshments are served in an adjoining one; or the fruit is placed on a table in the center of the dining-room, and tea served at another long table; or small round tables are placed about the dining-room with fruit and cakes, etc., when the party is a full one, as the gentlemen can then come to the assistance of the ladies. The maid servants pour out the tea and coffee from behind the buffet, and the men servants and the gentlemen hand the tea to the ladies, or the ladies go to the buffet themselves and ask for what they require of the maids in attendance.

Too Bad Indeed!

A party of Italian pleasure finders is at the Auditorium. M. Modena is the only one who can even speak a few words of English, and he couldn't write a book in our language. He was introduced to Mr. Breslin, one of the hotel proprietors, yesterday, and they had a few words together.

"By the way," said Mr. Breslin, "don't you know Marquis Pullman?"

"He not extraordinary prominent. I don't think."

"You are mistaken. One of America's greatest men is the marquis."

"Oh! He live here?"

"He is the inventor of the famous Pullman palace cars and your government gave him the title in appreciation of his work. You must know of the name Pullman—P-u-l-l-m-a-n—you spell it like that. When you came from New York you rode in his cars."

"He own a line car that ride me here?"

"Yes, I was sure you knew him."

"Good man. I like him. When I depart from his car this morning I gave him $1. Too bad he's black."

Mr. Breslin gave one look at his guests, then unceremoniously dashed into the sanctum, where he drowned his sorrows.—*Chicago Herald.*

From Jest to Earnest.

Primus—The theater caught fire in the midst of the topical song.

Secundus—Did the comedian retain his presence of mind?

Primus—Yes; he told the audience there was a fire under the stage, but they need not be alarmed, as the manager was a Universalist.

A Terse Interruption.

Mr. Penwink (stiltedly)—Do you think it will be conducive to your happiness to join me in the holy bonds of wedlock?

Papa (overhearing)—Ask him how he's fixed with holy government bonds, Jane.—*Judge.*

Father Joseph's Confession.

A CONFESSION.

By HENRY MURRAY.

Author of "A Deputy Providence," &c., &c.

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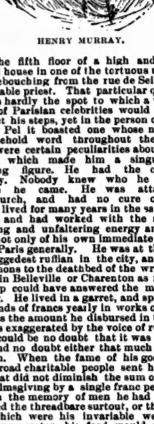

HENRY MURRAY.

On the fifth floor of a high and narrow-fronted house in one of the tortuous thoroughfares debouching from the rue de Seine, dwelt a venerable priest. That particular quarter of Paris is hardly the spot to which a visitor in search of Parisian celebrities would be likely to direct his steps, yet in the person of Father Joseph Pel he boasted one whose name was a household word throughout the capital. There were certain peculiarities about Father Joseph which made him a singularly interesting figure. He had the charm of mystery. Nobody knew who he was, or whence he came. He was attached to no church, and had no cure of souls. He had lived for many years in the same dingy rooms, and had worked with the same unchanging and unfaltering energy among the poor, not only of his own immediate vicinity, but of Paris generally. He was at the call of the raggedest ruffian in the city, and obeyed a summons to the deathbed of the wretchedest parish in Belleville or Charenton as readily as a bishop could have answered the mandate of a being. He lived in a garret, and spent many thousands of francs yearly in works of charity. Perhaps the amount he disbursed in that fashion was exaggerated by the voice of rumor, but there could be no doubt that it was considerable, and no doubt either that much of it was his own. When the fame of his good works got abroad charitable people sent him more, but that did not diminish the sum of his personal almsgiving by a single franc per annum. Within the memory of man he had not once renewed the threadbare surtout, or the napless hat, which were his invariable wear. His drink was water, his food would not have moved the envy of his poorest pensioner.

It is not strange that the fame of such a man should get abroad, nor that it should provoke in those to whose ears it came the desire to know more of him than mere rumor could teach them. But those people whose only idea in intruding upon him was to gratify an idle curiosity, got little by their action. When they had penetrated into the dirty street off the rue de Seine and mounted the five flights of narrow and malodorous stairs which led to Father Joseph's rooms, they found themselves confronted by a strongly built man whose only signs of age were the whiteness of his hair and the deep furrows in his face, who listened to compliments as if they had been insults, answered, or declined to answer their questions in the briefest possible tone of voice their money, if they offered it, with a nod or a curt word of thanks, and saw them outside his door with all possible despatch. Some fashionable recipients of this drastic treatment called Father Joseph an ill-bred bear, others charitably said he kept his tenderness for the poor. As a matter of fact, he had—or at least showed—no tenderness for anybody, rich or poor. He benefited hundreds every year, and never spoke a kind word—or an unnecessary word of any sort—to one among them. His fellow laborers among the poor, who saw most of him, understood him least. He worked with unflagging vigor in the alleviation of suffering and the relief of poverty, and yet seemed devoid of any touch of human sympathy with those he worked for. He was like a beneficent natural force, rather than a man. He gave his time or money to all who stood in need of it, but the smile or the kind word which would have told twofold value of the gift, never. The man's whole nature seemed composed of two radically different elements, a compassion which never appealed in vain, and a complete indifference to human affection or gratitude. The received idea regarding him was that in his earlier years he had committed some appalling sin, to expiate which he had vowed himself to a life of solitary labor and unrewarded charity. The general acceptance of this theory conferred a certain strange glamor which dwelt about him. People feared and obeyed him, and he moved as securely at midnight in the lowest slums of Paris as the broad glare of light in the Palace of the Tuileries with all his guards around him.

One night in the winter of the year 1860, Father Joseph Pel sat alone in his sitting-room. A scanty fire burned in the grate, and its flickering tongues of flame illumined the discolored walls and ceiling left in shadow by the shaded lamp which shed its rays upon the little table at which the priest was seated, pen in hand, before a row of piled Napoleons and a handful of bank paper which he had been occupied in counting. They represented the subscriptions for the coming month to the various charities of which he was the director. He had just verified his calculation and entered the amount in his account book when a step approached the outer door, and paused there. Father Joseph's were the only rooms upon that floor, and he listened for the expected summons for what seemed a long time. When at last it came it was quick and tremulous, as though the hand which knocked did so in obedience to an urgent and yet long-delayed desire. The door being opened revealed the figure of a man, dimly visible in outline against the whitewashed wall of the staircase, faintly lit by a reflection from the roof of the street lamp outside the house.

"Father Joseph Pel?" enquired the stranger, in a harsh-toned, panting whisper.

"I am he. Your business?"

"I will tell you that within." Father Joseph stood aside for the stranger to enter, closed the door, and followed him to the sitting-room.

"Well?" he asked in his usual curt fashion.

"A moment," said the stranger. "I am not come upon an affair of every day. Give me time."

Unbidden, he drew a chair to the fire, and sitting beside it spread his hands to the blaze. Father Joseph resumed his seat and tilting the shade of the lamp so that the light fell full upon his visitor's face and left his own in darkness, bent a penetrating gaze upon the stranger. He was an elderly man of uncertain age, vigorous and alert, but a little bent, more, it seemed, by care than years. His gray hair fell in disorderly locks about a haggard face lit by wild eyes of a startling and unnatural brilliancy. He breathed quick and hard, as if he had been running, though he showed no sign of fatigue; and his eyes traveled restlessly about the room like those of some wild animal in the toils, seeking a way of escape. Once or twice the restless eyes darted towards the darkened face of the priest, and the tremulous lips opened as if to speak, but no sound escaped them. When at last he broke the silence it was with a startling suddenness.

"You are a discreet man, Father Pel, more discreet, more silent, than even priests generally are. I know much of you by report, and it explains my presence here to-night. All priests hear strange stories, and learn strange secrets, but not many so strange as mine. Can I trust you?"

"The confessional is sacred," said the priest. "Say what you will."

"The confessional," repeated the stranger. "Yes. But it is not to you in your priestly capacity that I come. I come to you because I must speak, because I am sick with fear, because human creature the hideous secret that I have carried in my heart, like a burning coal, for thirty years."

"I have power," said Father Joseph, "power granted me by the Church to absolve and pardon all repentant sinners."

"Repentance! Absolution!" repeated the stranger. "I know not myself if I repent. I doubt the power of mortal man to absolve me of my crime. God help me and forgive me—sometimes I doubt if even His mercy can cover up such a wretch as I.

"Be assured it cannot," said the priest, "if you reject the means of grace He offers. Repentance and confession, there lies your path to peace."

"Take it, then, as a confession, if you will, for I must speak."

He sat silent for a moment, gripping his forehead with interwoven fingers, and then, with a long, deep drawn groan, began his story:

"It was thirty years ago when I came, a young man, to this city to study medicine at the schools here. I was a Swiss by birth, a native of the village of Hor, fifty miles from the French frontier. My father was a prosperous man, thrifty and generous, and when ten years before, his brother had died in poverty in Marseilles, ruined and heartbroken by unfortunate speculations, he had adopted his only child, a little girl of eight years old. Her name—" he paused, and seemed to resume his speech with difficulty—"her name was Annette."

While speaking, he kept his eyes fixed upon the glowing coals in the grate. He did not notice that almost from the first word of his narrative Father Joseph had quitted the recumbent pose in his arm chair which he had first assumed, and had fixed his eyes upon his face with a sudden look of curious horror. At the sound of the reluctantly spoken name the priest's breath escaped him with a sudden gasp, and his hands tightened convulsively on the arm pieces of his chair. Still, the visitor took no note, but after a short spell of silent staring at the fire, continued his story, as if it were terrible to meet the shudders in the coals, and he were slowly reading it.

"I was but two years her senior when she came to Hor—a mere child, as she was. We grew up together, side by side, like brother and sister, in the free mountain air. She was a pale, quiet, beautiful little thing when first she came, though very beautiful and fair, we who had never seen a city-bred girl before, she seemed like a being from another sphere. I was her playmate, her guide, her companion through the mountains and I watched her grow and strengthen, and her pale face fill with healthy color, as a flower unfolds and blows. She never lost her quiet, grave manner, never grew like the girls native to the hills; there seemed always about her a gentleness and refinement such as I never saw in them. I don't know how it came upon me, I cannot remember any exact moment when my heart first told me that my love for her was not the love of a brother for a sister. But that knowledge came, and with it the curse which has blighted my life. But for that unhappy passion I might now have been what my father was before me, an ignorant, happy herdsman, knowing nothing of the world beyond my native hills. My love for Annette begot ambition. What had I, a coarse, ignorant peasant, to offer her in exchange for her love? I read, I studied for months. I longed, yet did not dare to tell my father my desire to go to Paris, to enter a profession, to raise myself out of the common life he was content to lead. At last I could keep silence no longer. I told him. He laughed. '*Comme tu veux, mon garcon.* Go, make thyself a gentleman, but forget not thy old father at home.' That very night I left Hor for Paris. I had not spoken of my love to Annette. I dared not, but I thought of when I should return, no longer an ignorant peasant, but with a doctor's diploma in my pocket, and a career to offer."

He paused again, still with his uninviting gaze upon the fire. Father Joseph had sunk back in his chair, but from under the heavy hand with which shaded them, his eyes dwelt with a steely glitter on the face of his guest.

"I studied hard in Paris, and after six months' residence there knew scarcely more of the city than I did on the night I left the School of Medicine to my lodgings. At the classes I made many acquaintances, but only one friend, a young Parisian, Eustache de Launey. We lived in the same house, we had entered the schools on the same day, we were both indefatigable workers, we had our rooms side by side in common. He was handsome, clever, the kind of boy who always finds a boy to idolize him. I was his idolator. I loved him as I loved nothing else in the world but Annette. Hard student as he was, he was fond of pleasure too, and when his work was over would go to the houses of his friends, rich and titled people, and would have taken me too, but every hour spent apart from my books seemed to retard so much my return to Annette, and I stayed at home and read while he amused himself. I worked so hard and showed myself so little pity that I fell ill, and was warned that only rest could save my reason, perhaps my life. Unwillingly I determined to leave my studies and return to Hor. It was the time of the bi-annual holidays, the schools were breaking up, and I asked Eustache to accompany me. Almost as much to my surprise as to my delight, for he was a gentleman and we were peasants with only rough fare and accommodation to offer him, he accepted.

"I think," he went on, after another pause, "that the first month of that holiday was the happiest time of my life. Annette was more beautiful than ever. She seemed proud and fond of me. I had Eustache with me, and in the eyes of the stranger to whom she was courted or tried to court Annette, but she kept them so perfectly at a distance that their clumsy attentions were matters for laughter rather than jealousy—I had constant reminders of the progress I had made in my year in Paris. I had been as coarse and as ignorant as they only a year ago. Well, it was hard," he broke out, in a sudden explosion of rage, "it was happy. I thought the prize I coveted was in my hands. I did not speak. I dallied and coquetted with my happiness.

"It came upon me suddenly, without warning, like a thunderbolt, that Eustache de Launey loved Annette, and that she loved him. I was walking home up the mountain side in the moonlight when I saw them in front of me, we close that I could hear their murmur of their voices, distinguish their words. I stood rooted to the ground, and saw them walk away together, with his arm embracing her and her head upon his shoulder. In all these wretched years I have passed no hour that has not been a torment, but among them all that night stands out.

"I must have wandered many miles before, at dawn, I turned my face homewards. The house was built on the crest of an easy slope. Beyond it, for the distance of a mile, the ground fell gently away till it came to the edge of a yawning abyss, scarcely twenty feet wide at the lips, but widening as it descended. A thousand feet below rushed an impetuous torrent, filling the whole space between the walls of rock. As I neared the homestead I saw Annette and Eustache walking in the direction of the gulf. I had already started to overtake them, with what intention I hardly knew, and it was to kill them both, when suddenly they paused, and a minute later I saw Eustache returning to the house and Annette walking on alone. I was hidden from view by a clump of trees, and, Eustache once out of sight, I followed the girl quietly and stealthily, and saw her enter a little thicket of fir and pine. I knew where she was going—to a ledge of rock called the Chair of the Water-lady, almost overhanging the chasm. She had sat there many a day, while I lay at her feet on the turf, and the tumbling torrent down below had made brave music for us.

"I followed her, keeping among the trees and out of sight of the house, until she came to the edge of the abyss and stood on the brink, looking down at the turbulent water, her slight figure outlined against the sky beyond, and I stood at a little distance and watched her, for how long a time I do not know. When at last I moved towards her she turned at the sound of my footsteps on the grass. She blushed a little. She had thought that it was Eustache returning. Then a look of surprise came into her face. My dress was disordered by my long night's wanderings among rocks and brambles, and stained with mud and water and my face must have shown the emotion I felt.

"'Jacques,' she said, coming a step forward to meet me, 'you are ill?'

"I could not speak, my tongue seemed paralyzed. Through all the storm of various feelings with which my heart was filled, through rage and despair, hatred of my rival, and rage at the woman I had loved and who had ignored my love, rose some nameless emotion which kept me dumb. Had the place been Paris behind me and I found words wherewith to unload my heart, but the memory of the hours we had passed here together seemed—not to calm me—I think they made me only more furious—but to rob me of all power of speech.

"As we stood silently confronting each other I saw her face change from its first expression of pitying concern to a look of growing fear. She mechanically retreated a step. I followed her. She was close upon the brink of the precipice, with her back towards it. She stared at me silently, as if fascinated by my eyes, which never for an instant left her face. At that moment a voice rose from the valley behind us, the voice of Eustache, singing. I knew the song, it was a favorite of Annette's. She had sung it to me many a time on the spot of ground where we now stood together. The sound seemed to set free the chained devil in my heart. I saw again the scene I had witnessed the night before in the moonlight. A red flame seemed to blind my eyes, and before it had passed I was standing there alone, and had leaped through the thicket of the torrent and the beating of blood in my ears, the sound with which Annette struck the water a thousand feet below. The voice, his voice, was close upon me as I dashed back into the copse. He passed me so close that I could have touched him with an outstretched hand.

"That is my story, and for thirty years I have carried it, a hideous nightmare, in silence, till I felt that I must speak or die. No human eye beheld the act, the girl's body was never found. What suspicion could fall on me? Better if it had, and if the axe had fallen on my neck, better than to drag along this mutilated and broken life, accoutered and shaky. There has been no day in all these years that I have not prayed for death, and yet—such is the inconsistency of human nature—I could have brought it and the forgetfulness I crave by a word."

"In God's good time," said Father Joseph. He rose, and walked with a heavy tread to an escritoire at the other end of the room, unlocked a drawer, and returned with a miniature in his hand. He gave it into the nerveless grasp, before the other's eyes. The effect was electrical. The man sprang to his feet with a sudden shriek.

"Annette!" After a moment of frozen horror he took the shade from the lamp. The light fell upon the priest's face. "Eustache de Launey!" he cried.

"*Absol vo te!*" said the priest, with a raised hand above the head of his visitor, who stood panting with horror. "And now—" The hand gripped his throat with a sudden clutch of supernatural strength, till his eyes were bursting from his head. A gurgling groan, a convulsive struggle, and he fell, hurled to the ground, and lay there without breath or motion. At that instant there was a sound of hurrying feet upon the stairs, succeeded by the beating of heavy hands upon the door, and the calling of frightened voices. Swiftly and silently the priest took a handful of the gold coins upon the table and scattered them about the hearth. He closed the lax fingers of the dead man on a handful of the notes, and then, stepping to the door, flung it wide. A little crowd of people rushed into the room.

"We thought you were being murdered," said the foremost. "We heard a shriek, a scuffle, and—" His eye fell upon the recumbent figure and the scattered coins, and he dropped to one knee beside the floor. "My God!" he cried, "he's dead!"

"His blood be on his own head," said the priest. "You see!" He took the notes from the stiffening fingers and laid them on the table. "I slew him in defence of the funds of the Church, and of my own life. Remove the body."

THE END.

Next week: A FALSE CONCLUSION, by The Duchess, author of Molly Bawn, etc.

For Sunstroke.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. A. L. Zurker, Melrose, Minn., says: "It produced a gratifying and remarkable regenerating effect in a case of sunstroke."

A Dream of Life.

All day, where the sunlight played on the sea-shore, Life sat.

And day the soft wind played with her hair, and the young, young face looked out across the water.

She was waiting—

She was waiting; but she could not tell for what.

All day the waves ran up and up on the sand, and ran back again, and the pink shells rolled. Life sat waiting; all day, with the sunlight in her eyes, she sat there, till, grown weary, she laid her head upon her knee and fell asleep, waiting still.

Then a keel grated on the sand, and then a step was on the shore—Life awoke and heard it. Love was laid upon her, and a great shudder passed through her. She looked up, and saw over her the strange, wide eyes of Love—and Life now knew for whom she had sat there waiting.

And Love drew Life up to him.

And of that meeting was born a thing rare and beautiful—Joy. Joy was it called.

The sunlight, when it shines upon the merry water, is not so glad; the rosebuds, when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss, are not so ruddy.

Its tiny pulses beat quick.

It was so warm, so soft!

It never spoke, but it laughed and played in the sunshine; and Love and Life rejoiced exceedingly.

Neither dared to whisper it to the other, but deep in its own heart each said:

"It shall be ours forever."

Then there came a time—was it after weeks? was it after months? (Love and Life do not measure time)—when the thing was not as it had been.

Still it played; still it laughed; still it stained its mouth with purple berries; but sometimes the little hands hung weary, and the little eyes looked out heavily across the water.

And Life and Love dared not look into each other's eyes, dared not say: "What ails our darling?"

Each heart whispered to itself: "It is nothing, it is nothing; to-morrow it will laugh out clear."

But to morrow and to-morrow came.

They journeyed on, and the child played beside them, but heavily, more wearily.

One day Life and Love lay down to sleep; and when they awoke, it was gone: only, near them, on the grass, sat a little stranger, with wide wide-open eyes, very soft and sad. Neither noticed it; but they walked apart, weeping bitterly. "Oh, our Joy! our lost Joy! shall we ever see our child again?"

The little soft and sad-eyed stranger slipped a hand into one hand of each, and drew them closer, and Life and Love walked on with it between them.

And when Life looked down in anguish, she saw her tears reflected in its soft eyes.

And when Life sobbed aloud, cried out, "I am weary, I am weary! I can journey no further. The light is all behind, the dark is all before," a little rosy finger pointed where the sunlight lay upon the hillsides. Always its large eyes were sad and thoughtful; always the little brave mouth was smiling quietly.

When on the sharp stones Life cut her feet, he wiped the blood upon his garments, and kissed the wounded feet with his little lips. When on the desert Love lay down faint (for Love itself grows faint), he ran over the hot sand with his little naked feet, and even there in the desert found water in the holes in the rocks to moisten Love's lips with. He was no burden—he never weighted them; he only helped them forward on their journey.

When they came to the dark ravine where the icicles hang from the rocks—for Love and Life must pass through strange dreary places—there, where all is cold and the snow lies thick, he took their freezing hands and held them against his beating little heart, and warmed them—and softly he drew them, softly, on and on.

And when they came beyond, into the land of sunshine and flower, strangely the great eyes lit up, and dimples broke out upon the face. Brightly laughing, it ran over the soft grass and through the waste hollow tree, and brought it them on the palm of its hand; carried them water in the leaves of the lily, and gathered flowers and wreathed them round their heads, and—laughed with them.

He touched them as their Joy had touched them, but his fingers clung more tenderly.

So they wandered on, hand in hand, hands and the light, always with that little brave smiling one between them. Sometimes they remembered that first radiant Joy, and whispered to themselves:

"Oh! could we but find him also!"

At last they came to where Reflection sits, that strange old woman who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future.

And Life and Love cried out:

"Wise one! tell us: when first we met, a lovely radiant thing belonged to us—gladness without a care—what has become of him, Oh! how did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?"

And she, the wise old woman, answered:

"To have it back again, will you give up that which walks beside you now?"

And in agony Love and Life cried, "No!"

"Give up this!" cried Life. "When the thorns have pierced me, who will suck the poison out? When my head throbs, who will lay his tiny hands upon it and still the beating? In the cold and the dark, who will warm my freezing heart?"

And Love cried out:

"Because I love life! Without Joy I can live; without this I cannot. Let me rather die, not lose it!"

And the wise old woman answered, "O fools and blind! What you once had is that which you have now! When Love and Life first meet, a radiant thing is born, without a shade. When the road begins to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard and the nights cold and long—then it begins to change. Love and Life will not see it, will not know it—till one day they stand up suddenly, crying, 'O God! we have lost it! Where is it? They do not understand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert and the frost and the snow. They do not know that what walks beside them still is the very grown child. The grave, sweet, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts—its name is Sympathy; it is the Perfect Love."

—Olive Schreiner.

Bits of Philosophy.

If you can't have what you want, don't want it. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, but you can buy a young dog. A cynic is a man who is disappointed because the world was all made when he got here. Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.

A "Thirteen" Dinner.

Ladies were invited to dinner on May 13 by the famous Thirteen Club of New York. The dinner began at thirteen minutes past eight. There were thirteen tables, and at each table there were thirteen guests. There were thirteen courses, thirteen kinds of wine, thirteen toasts were given, and thirteen minutes were allowed for each toast. The decorations were of the most grueesome character. Skulls, coffins, new moons, drawings and statuettes of black cats adorned the tables. Each lady found a small glass coffin beside her plate, upon lifting the lid of which she found a tiny scent bottle, the stopper of which was shaped like a skull. Many prominent literary ladies and ladies in society were present on the occasion.

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The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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An Anarchist's Night Off

"Patsy's going to dine with the 'old man.'" This information concerning Patterson, commonly known to his friends as Patsy, created a sensation in the group of newspaper men who heard it.

They were at supper—the welcome two or three o'clock in the morning supper of the day laborers in journalism, the men who grind wearily, wearily, and are seldom heard of by the outside world.

Patterson was one of the group made up of the late men—the telegraph editors, night editors, news editors, two or three city editors, and men who had been doing late details, or writing late on special articles—men from all the morning papers.

Patterson was indeed a conspicuous member of this party; it indulged him in his crankiness, and that cemented a friendship in the decade.

Patterson was an anarchist. There was no doubt about that, for he declared the fact pugnaciously—he was against government. However, he could—and upon instruction did—write convincing editorials exalting the everlasting necessity of law and order.

He generally made himself anarchically drunk after much of such writing, and so, as a temperance measure, he had abandoned editorial and taken up special writing, in which he rapidly made himself popular on his paper.

One day, after an especially good piece of work, the managing editor sent for him.

Patterson affected a violent dislike of Mr. Rogers, the managing editor. In the first place, he represented the paper's government; next, he received a salary of $10,000 a year!—a crime in itself, Patterson contended.

Little Tommy Paget, a disciple of Patterson and who did very good about town, once argued that the story of Rogers' $10 000 a year was a manifest fiction, because there was not so much money in the world. He had once seen the printers paid off, when a man from the business office took $1,800 in gold and silver up to the composing room, "and for any sane man to tell me there is more money in the world than that is absurd," said Tommy Paget.

Besides being a governor and a $10,000 a year man, Mr. Rogers was quite a swell in clubdom and popular in a very good set in society. This was hateful to the anarchist.

"That was a very good story of yours this morning" said Mr. Rogers, in the hearing of half a dozen men.

Patterson was silent.

"Mrs. Rogers and my daughter both spoke of it and liked it, and it's always pleasant to hear women praise the paper. Get the women of a household in favor of the paper and you there have a steadfast subscriber."

"Very kind of you and the ladies," growled Patsy. "Anything special for me to-day?"

"Yes. I want you to go to the Mansfield estate trial, and when the shorthand man's stuff is written out take it and lighten it up. By the way, Patterson, my wife would like to have you to dine with us some Sunday evening."

"Very kind of her, but——"

"But you never do the society act,' you were going to say. Well, it'll do you good. Say a week from Sunday."

Mr. Rogers was smiling good-naturedly, a dozen men were waiting for orders on a dozen or dozen things about the next day's paper, and Patterson felt he would look foolish persisting in the refusal of such an invitation. He bowed his thanks and acceptance and left.

"Patterson is going to dine with the 'old man.' Nothing else was talked about at supper that night. A society editor swore he would write it up in his Notable Events. Griggs, the paper's sketched-on-the-spot artist, exhibited a drawing of Patterson in a dress suit haranguing a mob of wild-eyed anarchists, and little Paget roared with delight at his suggestion that Patsy should wear a red necktie and handkerchief.

The subject of this chaff growled out that it would be paying enough for the privilege of being near the throne to dine at one night's work, and he'd be hanged if he'd wear a dress suit even if he could get one. "What the 'old man' wants," said he to his night companions, "is to exhibit a live crank, and I'll just fool 'em. I'll be more of a crank than they like."

"The red tie! The red tie!" shouted Paget.

"Yes, the red tie, and the wildest kind of anarchist talk," continued Patsy; "it'll am played for a freak to make an old man's holiday I'll just go him one more than he expects."

Patterson thought over this determination as he climbed the hills to his room that night, and it did not please him. After all, he would be doing only what was expected of him and there was very little independence in that. He took out his old dress suit and put it on. The effect was more amusing than satisfactory. Not only was it a bad fit and musty with the strangely mixed service it had seen in Patterson's two years at the Berkeley University, but it was so like the Tivoli waiters in cut that Patterson threw a towel over his arm and serve himself with a bottle of beer to complete the like idea.

"It would be so much more fun to fool the 'old man' the other way that if I could I would"

The next day Patterson sought a man he had become acquainted with through interviewing him, and had afterwards come to know well and like, despite the man's misfortune of wealth.

Newspaper men have few acquaintances outside of their own ranks. Their hours of labor and leisure would make it difficult, even if their inclinations were less intensely clannish. Still, Patterson did meet and dine with Millionaire Barker often enough to keep up a friendship that had considerable warmth.

During their acquaintance Patterson had asked for no "favor" such as the millionaire was accustomed to grant with perfect good nature and great frequency to scores of compatriots less agreeable than Patterson.

Patsy always earned good pay. He wrote on spice, and having tremendous facility and some ability, ground out vast quantities of copy and sold most of it. So he did not have to borrow, yet there never came a pay day when he could buy his dinner without first collecting for his week's work. It never occurred to him that there was evidence of faulty economics in the fact that his financial condition was exactly the same now as when his earnings were not one-fifth as much. His was the case of nearly every one of his companions. Mind you, I am not speaking of the great men on the newspapers, but only of the unnamed, the soldiers in the ranks, the multitude of impersonals, who have not been long in leading when you, sir, over your coffee, are reading their work and giving the praise or blame for it to "the paper," not the man.

But this has nothing to do with the story. I felt in the mood for explaining that my friend Patterson was no more improvident than his kind. Dj not be shocked, but the next day he asked his friend Barker for credit with his tailor.

Barker—he was a young man—wrote something on a letter head, put it in an envelope, addressed it to his tailor, and handed it to Patterson, with the remark:

"Going to be married, Patsy?"

"No," he answered, "perhaps some of us do get married when we have to get credit for the clothes we do it in, but I am even more to be congratulated; I'm going to dine with the 'old man,' and I'm going to fool him."

"Fool him!"

"Yes; he wants to show his set a crank, and I'm going there as a drawing-room model Sunday week."

Barker laughed. "Then I shall see you, for I'll be there."

"Will you! Oh, by the way, you dine there often—what's their game?"

Patterson talked a long time with his friend about the Rogers' dinners, and went away thoroughly posted on the people he would probably meet, what they talked about and their present fads. He learned for one thing that that set was just then interested in hypnotism, which he considered a fortunate accident, as he had a medical friend who was making a special study of it, and he could cram on that conveniently. He went to some theater every night for the double purpose of supplying himself with small talk of the shows and studying the dress of the men he saw come in with theater parties.

He gorged himself with recent novels and magazine discussions, and, in fact, put in ten days persistent work in preparing to fool the "old man."

. . . . . .

"Emma," said Mr. Rogers on that Sunday afternoon on his return from the editorial rooms to which he had just run down to see how things were going—"Emma, I am a little worried about Patterson. He seems to me the way that he lives that he saves nothing, and I'm half afraid he has no dress suit."

"Then," replied Mrs. Rogers decidedly, "he won't come. I knew his people very well, and they were very nice. I went to school with his eldest sister, who married the New Yorker. I'm sure he has any of the family traits you need not fear about his dress."

"But they were rich then and now Patterson—but from some jokes he's going around the office I fancy he will try and show off his crankiness, and, to tell the truth, I hope he will. He seems to himself by pretending to be an anarchist and——

"Frank dear, you dress for dinner. If he is a crank he is a well bred one and he will merely amuse us all."

Mrs. Rogers was well-bred herself, and put great stress on that phase of fortune. She also had an independent income equal to her husband's salary and adopted a little air of authority, which you may have observed in wives who have independent incomes.

The old man, the terror of his staff, obeyed the order to dress meekly enough, staying only to say: "Whom will you send Patterson in with?"

"Fannie."

"Fannie! Really, dear, don't you think that Barker——"

"Mr. Barker needs a little discipline to remind him that he has not yet asked for the right to be always paired off with Fannie, and she can be trusted to keep your anarchist within reasonable bounds."

. . . . . .

If Patterson's name had not been announced so distinctly, Mr. Rogers would not have known him when he entered the reception room. The wild, weird beard had gone with the mustache and the transformation, and the anarchist stood confessed in clean-shaven, strong, handsome face, in faultless dress from tie to shoe—self-possessed, quiet, suave. Mrs. Rogers gave a quick look of surprise from Patterson to her husband. The anarchist saw it and grinned inwardly. So far he had fooled the "old man."

He was introduced to Fannie by mamma, and even before dinner was announced he and that charming young lady were in a most animated conversation about—nothing. He was progressing finely.

Barker, from Mrs. Rogers' side at dinner, was amused and delighted. He had hoped to go in with Fannie, to be sure, but he took consolation in regarding Patterson somewhat as his protege, and when he noticed the ever-widening circle included in the listeners to Patterson's rattling small talk, he determined to be wholly unselfish and assist the success.

Barker was a clever man, and, besides, had an intimate knowledge of Patterson, so he was able to adroitly force the outside talk into the conversation, and had the satisfaction of finding that surprising young man the acknowledged center of the whole table's animation.

Rogers alone seemed outside the charm. As he observed his daughter's manifest delight in the new guest he glanced with furtive alarm at his wife and Barker. Everything appeared serene in that quarter, yet Rogers felt resentful—at what, he hardly knew. He tried once to trap Patterson into starting his crank by an allusion to anarchy made directly at the young man.

"Oh, I went in for anarchy myself once," said the intrepid Patsy, lightly; "but the difficulty of finding any one who understood what I was after bored me, and I dropped it. Anyway, fads should be treated as temporary expedients for entertainment, and when they are in the nature of an isms they should not be quite so much serious as they are. By the way, it is hypnotism. Now, a medical friend of mine—" and in a moment Patterson had the whole company listening to stories of strange experiments with hypnotism.

His success lasted all the evening.

After dinner there was music, and Patterson sang with Fannie—the beggar had a melting baritone voice. He even managed a *tete-a-tete* with that winsome young woman, and the exhilaration of his success gave a tender tremor to the nothings he said, and—well, Fannie was young, and I have said he was handsome.

Poor Patsy! He sat a long time in his room that night, still in his soft, clinging dress suit. He hated to take it off. He was another man in it; he almost felt that he had a right to think of Fannie so long as he retained the conventional garb that was a part of his evening's experience.

He changed his dress slowly and went down town to supper with the boys. When Paget heard the story of how Patsy fooled the "old man"—there was no mention of Fannie in the story—the poor little chap yelled with delight and declared it was a better fake than the red necktie.

. . . . . .

"You see, Frank, there was some wisdom in my sending Fannie in with your reformed anarchist—the handsome young rascal—in spite of your protest. Barker, said Mrs. Rogers, when the managing editor came home shortly after the following midnight; "it brought Mr. Barker around to my way thinking, and he will ask you for Fannie to-morrow."

"And Fannie!"

"Oh, she has been talking sentimental nonsense to-day about that Mr. Patterson, but we need not ask him here any more; let him return to—anarchy."—*The Argonaut.*

The Hamilton Steamboat Co. are this season giving the citizens of the sister cities splendid service. One cannot spend a pleasanter day on blue Ontario than on the staunch Macassa or the beautiful Modjeska.

The only man who can comfortable enjoy a short pipe.

Arabian Wisdom

Here are five Arab maxims, which have underlying them a bedrock of truth:

Never tell all you know, for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do, for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you may hear, for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford, for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see, for he who decides upon all that he sees often decides on more than he sees.

Hard Lines.

Miss Alabaster Wooltop—What's you gwine to wear to de Counville ball?

Miss Lily Snowflake—I dunno yet, an' dat's what makes me so anxious.

Miss Alabaster Wooltop—Why, ain't you done got yo' shrimp pink?

Miss Lily Snowflake (contemptuously)—Dat I has; but my mistress she done got one de same color.—*Judge.*

Would Have the Desired Effect.

First Chicago Woman—Mrs. Lakefront was here to-day and she inveighed terribly against the divorce evil in this city.

Second Chicago Woman—Shall we cut her in society?

First Chicago Woman—No; I shall whisper it about quietly that she is guilty of heresy.—*Judge.*

Too True!

White lies are said to be innocent; but any man who lies for fun, after a while will lie for wages.

Books and Magazines.

An interesting and seasonable little book is Fishing and Shooting on the Canadian Pacific Railway by the well known Canadian journalist, now editor of *Outing*, Mr. E. W. Sandys. Mr. Sandys' sporting sketches are well known to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, and the book is well illustrated. Another interesting book uniformly gotten up is Summer Tours by the Canadian Pacific Railway, also well illustrated.

Mr. C. A. Fleming, the principal of the Northern Business College, Owen Sound, has published a valuable work entitled The Laws of Business, Business Forms and Law, a work summed up in Mr. Fleming's own words: "I need not draw attention specially to the desirability of having this subject taught in the colleges and schools of this country. If you have no doubt discovered that such work as this furnishes just as good a mental training as algebra or classics and is much more useful afterwards to the ordinary citizen."

The latest novel of W. Clark Russell's is one in his well known and charming style entitled My Danish Sweetheart. Russell's sea stories are commendable to everybody, no matter what his age or sex. [William Bryce, Toronto. Paper, 50c.]

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

Correspondents desiring graphological studies are requested to observe the following rules: 1. Quotations are not studied. 2. Postal cards are not studied. 3. Small clippings from letters are not studied. 4. Only one specimen of handwriting can be used with each letter. 5. Letters are answered as nearly as possible in their turn. By noticing and adhering to these rules editor and correspondents will be saved a great deal of trouble.

SUNSHINE.—I cannot repeat character delineations.

ROSEBAY.—I delineated your character very unagrely in paper of April 16th. Did you read it better study I should have made reply more complete.

FOLLY HOUSEN.—Writing shows some imagination, some talent, rather too disposed to despond when things go magoff trouble; probably sympathetic and constant in your affections.

MARGARET.—Not a strong character; disposed to lean on others, yet with very good showing of conscientiousness, ideality, gentleness and kindness; lacks order, decision and nervous energy.

A. PROBSUS.—Unless of exceptional merits stories are not paid for—short, interesting and well put together, they are quite unsuitable. I quite agree with your sentiments about the substantial recompense.

GWENDOLINE.—Some energy, carelessness, rather perseveringly, not afraid of criticism, but not over fond of being, lacking judgment and is disposed to needless fault-finding, looks luck, poetry and highest culture.

NEM.—Writing shows tenacity and perseverance, great impulse well so strolled, a little self-will, rather a broad and impartial judgment, a generous and buoyant nature well-fitted to cheer others and sustain a great deal of worry.

BEATRICE.—Writing shows slight selfishness, some honor, carelessness of appearances, not much sympathy, nor generosity, rather strictly just and a little disposed to harshness. You can see fun where fun is and are hopeful.

HAZEL.—I Writing shows perseverance, good perception, enjoyment of fun, sensitivity of manner and rather a kind and generous nature. You are a flirt but careless of appearances, and rather fond of number one. I really cannot tell. I don't know what you mean by a sport; have always found it was something not very desirable.

MOSCHA.—Writing shows some ideality, but lack of order and proportion, good impulses and desire for approbation. It is not a very finished or cultivated hand. Shows good-tempered social instincts. Probably writer is an affectionate friend and constant, though not the sort of nature to win general regard, lacking tact and that readiness of speech and thought necessary.

PAULINE VASHER.—I found your little verses very sweet and well expressed. I look the very great liberty of altering one word. Do you object to their being published? If not I'd like to use them. Writing shows some ideality, much decision of character, some sense of humor, good temper, constancy, fondness of pleasure and enjoyment of the good of life. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

BEATIE.—Writing shows decision, sometimes marred by want of thought, some spice of temper, lack of ease and stread of self-will and disposition to lean on others rather hardly. This is the truth and no flattery. I cannot flatter graphologically. Good perception, desire for approbation, energy and some talent, an affectionate but rather repressive nature and a love of honesty and accuracy.

PATCHES.—Sorry you were obliged to wait until your paper appeared. Writing shows fun and mischief, clever fancy, great sense of beauty and some intuitive perception, a disposition to romantic and unpractical dreamings, controlled by a strong love of the world and the things that are in it, a pretty little will of your own, and a comfortable way of looking through the clouds and finding the sun.

LEONA.—Your writing shows candor, desire of praise, some pronounce to depend on others, sudden impulse and a live of your own sweet way. You are not bad art or hopful by nature, but conscientiously try to do what is right. I fancy you are a little nervous and uncertain coy an i hard to please. You don't take life as easily as you ought, and you are a little given to imagining evils which don't often materialize.

L. F. T.—Ideality strongly developed, high and exalted views and feelings, some mirth, reserve and impatience of control. You would fret under the strain of circumstances, seem when outwardly moving, if I may you are affectionate, fond of approbation and probably most lovable to those who know you well. You change and probably doubt and improve as the world rubs against you, though it is very attractive as it is.

LILLAS V.—Writing shows uncertain temper, decision, tenacity, administrative ability. I fancy if you are in charge of any enterprise you run it according to your own plans and are successful. You have decided likes and dislikes and opinions and are able and willing to accept responsibilities, have strong energy and good judgment. Am glad you like our paper and also to number you among my paper friends as you call them. Write again.

W. H. C.—I Write to the Canadian Institute, Toronto, Ont. I do not know if the cost is of any great value. The authorities at the institute could doubtless inform you. Enclose them a stamped and addressed envelope for reply. 2 Writing shows mirth and buoyancy of nature, some hope, but a rather marred by carelessness; perseverance and some energy, justice rather than generosity. Writing is clear and legible, but lacks finish and grace.

SONATA.—I prefer learning myself to paying for anything but yourself for their use or display. And you get more good from them, at less expense in time and money; heaven, it mainly depends on oneself to have the greater talent for. Your writing shows facility of expression and ease of manner some carelessness of detail, good decided ability, good energy and breadth of thought. I think you are independent hopeful and probably more of a musical than a linguist.

A QUESTIONER.—I should have let him go with her, and consoled myself by some remarks, both audible and in my own mind which wouldn't have been complimentary to him. I can see the mark of the Beast, dear Questioner, but believe me, it is never worth while to be unhappy over such masculine cuddesse Why didn't you ask him what he wanted to go for and particularly why he was so anxious to get rid of you? I'd have made him sorry in your place! He gave you such a splendid opportunity.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—I. Indiscriminate betrothal of your photo would be undignified and unwise. In cases of mutual friendship and esteem I see no objection to exchange photos. You should think a little where he lives and where your photo might be exhibited before deciding. 2. No. I should enjoy doing so, but I cannot reserve sufficient space here. Writing shows a dainty taste, and a calm and even temper, great sympathy and tact, some hope and conscientiousness, liking for life's good things, and some social instincts.

DEACON.—Sorry your sanctity had to wait so long for an answer. Your writing shows good perception and proportion, caution and care, some impulse and enough perseverance to carry ordinary affairs but not enough for a tough place. I think you don't always make your bed as soft and easy as you might, and you are sometimes a little cranky. The most amiable and pleasant of manners and good self-esteem is your strong point, and I dare say people who do you well and long. Your disposition and character are not monotonous whatever else they are, but present phases enough to make them interesting.

MONICA and PEN WIPER.—These studies are very similar in general characteristics. Both show hopefulness and love of beauty and art. Monica has the greater strength of character and energy, though even she is not noted for either in a market degree. Both show care for detail, conscientiousness and a good share of self-esteem, rather inspiring of the twain, and Pukwudjies the more constant and perseverant. Both have agreeable manner and are not monotonous whatever else they are, but present phases enough to make them interesting.

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COSY.—Writing shows good temper, truthfulness, some sense of humor, adaptability, artistic taste, generosity, some ideality, a rather hopeful nature, good judgment. You have decided views and opinions, which you can present in persuasive style, and I should be inclined to further credit you with a winning address. I am sure you like pretty things, and enjoy an and probably music. You are not conceited enough to hurt, but have a due sense of your worth which makes you happy to be able to confirm. I think you would probably be a successful manager, and not afraid of undertaking a large amount of responsibility. Your handwriting makes a most agreeable study.

A DOG LOVER.—Your very contradictory epistle quite puzzles me. In one place you say: "I never believed anyone could tell character by handwriting," and immediately after that your friend's "was true to the letter." Your temerity in suggesting what my personal appearance may be is only equalled by the magnitude of your mistake. Your are certainly correct in thinking that I would dislike to have anyone get a piece of your adhesive stamp to me. What on earth should they adhere for. I'm not a porus plaster or a fly paper, and I don't perspire any abulitions in mucilage! 2 I have read In the Golden Days and also Tom Tallman, the latter long before you were born, I fancy, and I am extremely fond of it. Your handwriting is administered 3 For an answer to another of your endless questions I refer you to Q. M. 4 The trains you say I overlooked in your delineation nature has overlooked in yourself Thanks for the vignette enclosed, and please convey my sincerest condolences to the Angel—I can think with you on her hands she won't have much leisure time. Thanks for your good wishes dog. Would you mind telling me where you are being educated.

E. C. M.—Writing shows great tenacity of purpose, patience, order and some ideality. I am afraid the second quality has been fully tried, my dear correspondent, but your letter got slipped out of sight and missed its turn for an answer. Pray forgive me. Your love and of truth and honesty, and are cautious and reliable in your dealings but are not quick and ready. The opposite and visionary nature finds its opposite in you. I don't think you are particularly effusive nor amiable, nor do you think yourself the best friend of anyone. 2. I don't guess at anyone's character, my dear boy. I take the different characteristics shown in the writing, according to certain graphological rules, and after balancing them and setting them in order I generally manage to give a sketch which is recognizable, but I never make any guesses. Your name is because, in copying, one's pen is hampered and one's writing is little formal, just as in reading one's tone is always a little diff erent to one's ordinary tone. Now, there's an answer which has been often asked for, and I only give it to you because I am afraid you have so long overlooked your letter. By all means write again if you like.

SWEETHEART.—Lady Gay thanks you for the little flower. It brought just as sweet a message as if it had come in your dress had come with it. Your writing shows ideality and some love of fun, a keen appreciation of beauty, and pleasure in sweet sounds, some love of society but not perhaps those showy traits calculated to make you conspicuous in it. Judge from your writing I should not credit you with a dangerous temper. I think you are rather self-reliant and very sensitive, and have moods both in word or deed You have rather a peculiar nature, and you don't care to be crossed or disappointed. You are not just always easy and natural, but I know of no reason though you are not wilful or impulsive enough to be actually capricious. I think you are not prone to embroider your statements with any airy imaginings. Your writing is singularly unsympathetic, while at the same time it is affectionate and constant. You are not very hopeful nor given to theories or build the faintest trace of a castle in the air. I am sure Dan will be pleased that his Mexican letters gave you pleasure. Your letter would have been answered whatever its contents. I never do so you indicate and desire it, unless it is without giving any reply. I shall be very glad to hear from you when you feel like writing.

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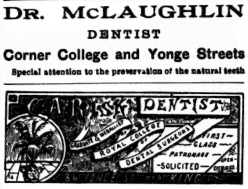

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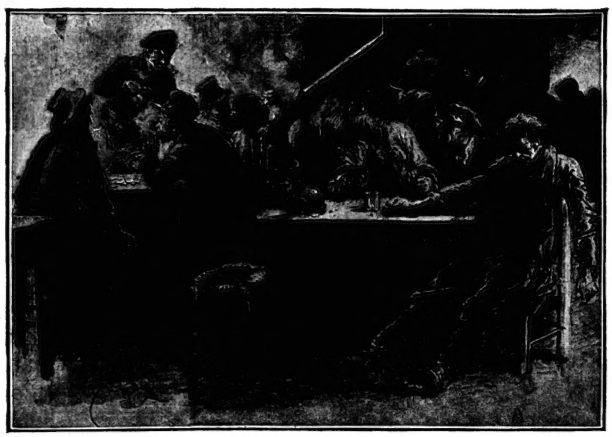

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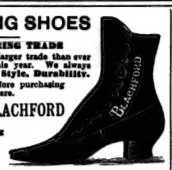

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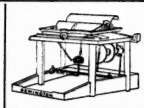

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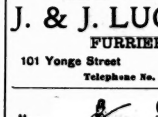

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The Humorist.

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Whene'er by nonsense whirled;
And so we say he is a wag
Because he wags the world.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

ceptory and the Mystic Shrine (Masonic), Capital Lodge and the Select Knights A.O.U.W., and he was an active Reformer in St. James' ward. His funeral was very largely attended and his very many friends amongst the young men of the city sympathize with his widow who is left with five children.

•

The Toronto Riding and Driving Club gave an "At Home" on Saturday, the 11th of July, at Norway. Several members and their friends drove out, and afternoon tea was served about 5.30 o'clock. The object of the gathering was to select a site for a new club house which the club intends to erect before the next season commences.

•

Monday and Wednesday saw the Bloor street grounds of the Toronto Cricket Club thronged by fair ladies and their escorts. The occasion was the International cricket match between Canada and the United States. All Toronto society still remaining in town was present, and great interest was evinced in the game by all the spectators.

•

The Toronto Lawn Tennis Club are this week holding their annual tournament, and every afternoon the ground has been filled with interested onlookers.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock have returned from their honeymoon. They have taken a house on Cecil street which they will occupy as soon as possible.

•

Miss M. C. Strong of Brantford and Mr. and Mrs. William Flood of Paisley will start July 21st on a trip by water to Murray Bay, and afterwards spend the rest of the summer at Southampton, Lake Huron.

•

Mr. and Mrs. H. Disney Ellis are staying at The Pines, Center Island, for a few weeks.

•

Miss Violet Seymour has returned to Port Hope.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON THE LAKE.

The annual meetings of the Niagara Conference, which for the past nine years have been steadily growing more successful and more largely attended, opened last Wednesday, continuing as usual through the following nine days. The pavilion, so picturesquely situated at the north end of the beautiful grounds of the Queen's Royal, was taxed to its utmost seating capacity, the average daily attendance at each meeting very nearly approaching seven or eight hundred. As usual, ministers were present from every part of the country—some from Toronto and other neighboring cities, some from Chicago, Ohio, New York and different parts of the United States, while among those in attendance, not taking an active part, were representatives from all parts of the world, from the earnest missionary from far away China and the bronzed-faced Japanese student who, for the sake of his newly embraced belief, suffered exile from his native country, to the grave, kindly faced "all night" missionary from the crowded ways of New York. Some of the speakers were: Dr. H. M. Parsons, Rev. Mr. Pearson and Rev. T. C. Des Barres of Toronto; Rev. W. J. Eardman, secretary of the conference, Rev. Albert Eardman, Mr. George C. Needham, Rev. S. H. Kellogg and Professor Morehead of Ohio; Dr. and Dr. N. West and Rev. Mr. Morton of Hamilton; Mr. Parlane of Collingwood, and a number of others. One of the most beautiful of the many instructive addresses given during the week was that of Dr. West on the Book of Daniel, his grand intellect and thorough knowledge of his subject enabling him to cast new light upon many of the old prophecies and questions which, in spite of long and careful study, have proved so beyond the understanding of many a wise and older student. Another very beautiful address was that of Professor Morehead on the Book of Job. Mr. Needham also spoke most ably, keeping the close attention of his hearers from beginning to end, on Man's Moral Relation to God. As an illustration of one point under discussion, his comparison of the scientists of the day, each holding his own against the equally strongly arguments of the others, to the old fable of the inability of the four men to agree as to the color of the newly discovered chameleon, seemed alas! for the confidence which the ever changing theories of the scientists inspire, to appeal to the keen appreciation of every one present, and hundreds of pencils made a note of the score against the oft-attacked men of science. It was a matter of very general regret that Rev. Dr. Brooks of Chicago was unable, through illness in the family, to be present at the meetings this year. His addresses upon former occasions have always been listened to with the most profound interest, the attention of even the most careless of his hearers being chained and held by his earnest and eloquent words. Among the many who were present, some only appearing occasionally, others attending regularly were: Miss Flagler of Lockport, Miss Rye of the Western Home, Mrs. Eugene Kirby, Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Dick, Miss Baxter, Miss Griffith, Miss Gordon, Rev. Mr. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Dane, Mr. and Mrs. Wintemitt, Rev. Mr. Wade of Old St. Paul's, Woodstock, Mrs. Tafft, Mr. O'Brian, Miss Purkiss, Miss Ker, Mr. G. Shaw, Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Aikins, the Misses Paffard, W. Syer, Miss Bernard, Mr. William Kirby, Rev. F. M. Baldwin of Aylmer, Miss Alice Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Mrs. Butler, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. James and the Misses Lockhart, Mr. L. Nelles, Miss Blake, Mr. Sawin, Mr. Foy, Mr. C. Milloy, Miss E. Heward, Mrs. R. Ball, Miss Gale, Mrs. J. and the Misses Ball, Mr. Sawin, Miss M. Ker, Miss B. Strathy. Niagara was represented by Rev. J. C. Garrett, Rev. N. Smith, Rev. Dr. Ker and Rev. Canon Arnold.

The congregation of St. Mark's was most pleasantly surprised last Sunday. At the opening of the service a long procession of surpliced men and boys—a sight never seen in the old church—marched in from the eastern vestry door and filed reverently into the choir seats. Mr. L. Andrews, organist of St. Mary's church, Buffalo, who has been camping out near Paradise Grove with his choir of boys, numbering between twenty and thirty, kindly offered to supply the musical portion of the morning and evening service, and his offer was most gratefully accepted. As the choir has the well deserved reputation of being one of the best in Buffalo, it is needless to say the congregation enjoyed a most unexpected and delightful treat. The solo in the anthem, which was very beautifully rendered, was taken by Master George Sidford, a slight English boy, whose clear, sweet accent added greatly to the musical beauty of his voice. The boys and a party of friends who are enjoying a holiday with them, drove to and from the scene of their camping ground, which is in a very pretty position nearly a mile up the river bank, in an immensely long park coach, their clear, well cultivated voices blending beautifully in some of the old, well known hymns as they passed through the streets and over the wide, quiet common leading to their temporary home.

There was no hop at the Queen's last Saturday but the ball room, nevertheless, was not empty. Instead of the faultlessly attired men and daintily robed girls who usually occupy it, long rows of tables stood side by side as close as comfort would allow and movement admit, and instead of music, light chatter and gay peals of laughter, graver subjects of religion were discussed, as members of the conference who had prevailed upon Mr. Winnett to convert the ball-room into a temporary dining-room, reasoned over points of difference or argued upon the various subjects chosen by the lecturers.

Miss Mabel Kerr has been the guest during the week of Miss A. Anderson.

Miss Brian of St. Louis will spend the summer with Mrs. J. Lewis.

Mr. Pedro Alma and family of Toronto are at Doyle's.

Miss Theresa Watt of Buffalo has been spending a few days at Oaklands, the residence of her father, Dr. H. Watt.

Mr. Costiton of New York is the guest of Mr. A. C. Howe, Lake Shore.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore and family are registered at Doyle's hotel.

Miss Youell has returned to her home at Aylmer.

Mrs. Strathy and family have arrived for the summer.

Mr. R. and Mrs. Ferry of Hamilton, are boarding at Mrs. J. Doherty's.

Mrs. and Miss May Williams of Hamilton have been spending the past few days in town.

Mrs. Anderson is registered at Doyle's.

Mrs. R. M. Willson of Simcoe and Mr. H. C. Willson of Woodstock are visiting friends in town.

Mr. C. Montgomery of Toronto has been the guest during the past week or two of Mr. W. Syer, the Anchorage. He returned home this week. Mrs. Skull and Miss Montgomery were also guests at the Anchorage this week.

Judge Morson was in town last Saturday.

Mrs. George Baxter of Thorold and Mrs. Aikens of Woodstock are boarding at Mrs. Miller's on Johnston street.

Mrs. Taft of New York is among those registered at the Queen's.

Mrs. Butler of Paisley is the guest of Mrs. H. Garrett, of the Willows.

Mrs. W. Arnold of Chicago is the guest of Rev. Canon and Mrs. Arnold.

Mr. F. Helmer of Hamilton spent a few days in town this week.

Some of the energetic ladies of St. Mark's arranged a very pleasant five o'clock tea at the school house on Wednesday for the boys of St. Mary's choir, who apparently enjoyed the break in their camp life immensely. Their holiday was a most thoroughly jolly and delightful one in every way, but five o'clock teas with their accompanying dainties are not always within the reach of a number of boys under canvas, and that of Wednesday evening was most enjoyable.

GALATEA.

HAMILTON.

Everything has been exceedingly quiet in society circles during the past week, surprised as many of our people for their summer recreation.

Mrs. George Hamilton, one of our charming vocalists, is visiting her parents at their home in Alpena, Mich.

Miss Macbeth of London is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Worthington, at her charming beach cottage.

Mrs. Gartshore is spending a week or two with friends in Fergus.

Miss Mitchell of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Harvey, Duke street.

Mr. Tuckett, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Duggan, left for England last week to enjoy the summer months abroad.

Mr. A. E. Fincane of the Bank of Montreal, Chicago, formerly of Hamilton, is spending a few days here. His many friends are delighted to see his jovial face here again.

Mr. Hanlan of Scotland is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart of Inglewood.

Mrs. Ormiston Roy of London is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Noyes, Duke street.

Miss Sinclair gave a charming tennis party to a few friends last Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Reginald Morston is in Toronto this week taking part in the tennis tournament being held there.

Mr. and Miss Sadler have gone to Port Dover for the summer.

Miss Irene Gurney of Toronto is the guest of Miss Edith Robinson of Hannah street.

Mrs. George Glassco gave a small dance last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Alexander Turner and family of Montreal are the guests of Mrs. James Turner of Highfield.

Mrs. George Thomson has gone to Cobourg for the summer months.

Miss Adelaide Dewar left last week for Muskoka to be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mc Murrich.

Miss Ambrose is sojourning in Muskoka also.

Mr. and Mrs. Aldous left last week for Georgian Bay.

Miss Marten of Cayuga is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Marten of John street south.

Miss Thorburn of Toronto has been spending a week in Hamilton, the guest of Miss Robertson at Rannock Lodge.

Miss Baldwin of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Ridley of Main street.

SYLVIA.

Love-Making in Spain.

Baron Strauss said that English women were so popular in Spain that their appearance interfered with the wheels of justice in that country. "English women," he said, "go about Spain as they would in this country, while the Spanish women are caged up like birds. The only way to make love to them is to stand off some hundred yards and stare.

"The pretty senorita sits in her open window and you can only look at her. There is one chance in a hundred of getting an opportunity of speaking to one while she is in church, but that is the only place. Last summer a London merchant and his beautiful daughter stopped for a few days in the little town where I was sojourning. The young lady was one of the handsomest that I had ever seen—light hair, eyes like bits of heaven's blue, classic form, and all that was lovely. Well, you can imagine what a stir she created among the young Spaniards who are held so far away from the native women.

"The son of a wealthy Spaniard used to stand for hours opposite the window of this English girl. One day the father went away, leaving the daughter unattended for a few hours. The young lady walked to the hotel from the station, and was followed by the Spanish admirer. As she was nearly home the young fellow rushed up to her, and, imprinting a kiss upon her forehead, ran away for dear life.

"When the father came home there was a little excitement. He had the young fellow arrested, and the next day he was brought before the judge, who gravely asked what the charge was.

"'Assaulting a woman,' spoke up the Londoner.

"'What did the prisoner do?'

"'He ran up to my daughter on the street and kissed her.'

"'He kissed this lovely young lady?' asked the judge, as he left his bench and carefully scrutinized the fair English girl.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, who wouldn't?' remarked the judge, as he left the room. And would you believe that was all the satisfaction the Londoner could get in Spain?"

Kingsley and the Butterfly.

As everybody knows, Charles Kingsley loved well "both man and bird and beast." This feature in his character was curiously displayed one Sunday in church. He was just about to enter the pulpit to preach his sermon, when all on a sudden he disappeared from the view of the congregation. What was amiss? It was soon seen, however, that nothing serious had happened. He had only stooped in search of something on the floor, which, when found, he had taken to the vestry. And what was this something, do you think? An injured butterfly which was fluttering about on the ground! Being unable to fly away owing to its hurt, Kingsley was afraid it might be trodden on, and so he had interrupted the service of the church until he had removed the wounded insect out of harm's way.

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

IN the busiest time of May and June our sales have gone no higher than during this week now closing. The

JULY SALE

is an established fact on our records, and now each year July may be looked upon as the month when all surplus stock of summer goods must go quick before the reduction red pencil. The ladies of Toronto flock here in thousands, surprised to find the very finest fabrics at prices unknown to the trade till 202 sounded the alarm. This sale presents a golden opportunity for mothers of large families to secure Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Muslins, Prints, Flannelettes and Notions for their boys and girls. Not a shelf has been overlooked in this well stocked store.

GOODS THE FINEST

PRICES THE LOWEST

Every modern convenience for expeditious shopping. If it be possible that any readers of SATURDAY NIGHT have not already paid a visit to this busy commercial center, the sooner the wiser.

McKENDRY'S

202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen

BE SURE TO READ IT

OUR PRICE LIST FOR NEXT WEEK

MOURNING DRESS GOODS THE SPECIALTY

THE BON MARCHE will, during the coming week, give the most startling bargains in French Mourning Dress Goods that have ever been offered to the purchasing public.

Read a few of the astonishing prices, and remember that although space will permit but a few lines to be enumerated we have hundreds of specials which are just as cheap and equally as good as those quoted. Read carefully every item. Parties living at a distance who may wish to secure samples can do so by sending name and address.

A line of Black All-wool Nun's Veiling. The regular price was 18c. Our price for this sale is - - - - - 12½c

A line of fine All wool Black Nun's Veiling. The original price was 20c. Our price for this sale is - - - - - 15c

A line of fine All wool French Serge. The original price was 30c. Our price for this sale is - 20c

A line of Checked Lace Grenadine French Goods. The original price was 40c. Our price for this sale is - - - - 25c

The above line is double width.

A line of fine Black Cashmere, the original price of which was 50c. Our price for this sale is - - - - - 35c

A special line of fine Black Cashmere. The original price was 60c. Our price for this sale is - 45c

Note this—A beautiful All-wool French Cashmere. The original price was 80c. Our price for this sale is - - - 60c

A very fine Black All-wool French Serge. The original price was 65c. Our price for this sale is - 50c

A line of French All wool Henriettas, silk finished, and worth 60c. Our price for this sale is - 40c

A special line of French All-wool Henriettas, silk finished. Original price was 80c. Our price for this sale is - - 60c

A fine Silk Warp Henrietta, guaranteed. The regular price was $1.00 Our price for this sale is - - - 75c

A beautiful Silk Warp French Parramatta, "warranted." The regular price was $1.50. Our price for this sale is - $1.00

We close our store at 5 o'clock each day during the months of July and August.

THE BON MARCHE - 7 and 9 KING STREET EAST

SUMMER DAYS

Hot weather is daily driving the citizens away to seek cool comfort in Muskoka, Grimsby, Niagara and a host of other popular Canadian districts

CAMPERS should see that they have a complete stock of Eatables before starting. The Grange Wholesale Supply Co., 35 Colborne Street, will for the next month make a specialty of supplying Camping Parties.

We carry an immense variety of Provisions to choose from, and carefully pack all orders and ship to any address if desired. The saving effected by buying from us is an important feature.

THE GRANGE WHOLESALE SUPPLY CO.

35 Colborne Street

MASON & RISCH

Extend a cordial invitation to the musical public to inspect their warerooms, which have just been decorated and remodelled on a scale (and they trust with a degree of taste) worthy of the art manufacture of which they are the most prominent representatives. The celebrated portrait by Joukouvsky of the great tone master,

DR. FRANZ LIZST

has now been placed in the most favorable position (as to light) which it has yet occupied, and its magnificent qualities as a work of art may now be appreciated to a degree hitherto not possible.

The warerooms are now filled with a MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY of pianos of their own manufacture, to which especial attention is also called.

32 KING ST. WEST

McCUAIG & MAINWARING

REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS

18 Victoria Street TORONTO — 147 St. James Street MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected

COMFORTABLE HOMES

SPRUCE STREET—SEVEN ROOMS, BATH, &c.; GOOD lot; $2,300. Terms arranged.

HAZLETON AVENUE — SEMI-DETACHED, NINE rooms, bath, &c.; $2,500. Small payment down.

BORDEN STREET—A VERY DESIRABLE NEW semi-detached solid brick residence, 10 rooms, furnace, concrete cellar, two gas grates, an elegant home, complete, modern. $4,250, 10 per cent. down, balance arranged.

BRUNSWICK AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone foundations, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor, all conveniences, hot air heating, nicely papered down stairs. Price $5,500; easy terms.

HEWARD AVENUE — SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, all conveniences, furnace, nicely papered, etc., 8 rooms. $2 500; no reasonable offer refused.

ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED solid brick, semi-detached house, in first-class order, 10 rooms, heated by furnace; beautiful lawn in front with deep lot, nicely nodded; new stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's rooms. Splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only $8,000.

MADISON AVENUE—FIRST CLASS, HIGHLY FINISHED, solid brick, detached, 11 rooms, bath and modern conveniences, furnace, etc. $11,500.

Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING

18 Victoria Street

HANDSOME WAGONETTE FOR SALE

A handsome American wagonette, suitable for family use; pole and shafts, canopy top, upholstered in morocco; nearly new; a bargain. Enquire at

GRAND'S REPOSITORY

If Women Only Knew

THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF WEARING A PAIR OF

ALL FEATHERBONE CORSETS

After having suffered the tortures of the old fashioned corset, with side steels, which hurt, and break, and rust, they would always insist on having

"FEATHERBONE"

in preference to any other. They give to the figure that symmetrical beauty which is a woman's greatest charm.

☞ Sold by First-class Dealers.

ASK FOR THEM!

LADIES

ASK FOR

BARBOUR'S

LINEN THREADS

The Best for All Purposes

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Later Music of the Week.

The Women's Christian Guild concerts commenced on Wednesday evening before a very slim audience, making the Pavilion seem very empty compared with the grounds outside, which were filled with a tremendous crowd to hear the band of the Queen's Own Rifles. I am afraid that the promoters of these concerts will find a good many others who speculated upon the great influx of teachers to the city, but who did not consider that the same teachers were not millionaires. It was not wise to expect that the visitors would pass by gratis music in the sweet open-air with all the glamor of electric light and moonlight, and pay from fifty cents to a dollar to sweiter at a concert in a hot gas-lighted room, no matter how good the singers may be. They would rather spend the price of the ticket in exploring the town, by clubbing together and chartering a carriage. Be that as it may, the first concert—the one I attended—was a very enjoyable one. Mrs. Agnes Thomson was at her best, and her voice showed its great purity and sweetness and range, and in spite of the distracting influences of the band's tones sweeping in on the breeze, she managed to maintain a strict fidelity to intonation. Her support was very fair, the vocalists being Mrs. A. Huycke Garratt, Mr. J. F. Thomson, Mr. Alex. M. Gorrie, Mr. J. Bryce Mundie, Mr. D. E. Cameron and Mr. Franz Wagner, with Mrs. Wagner, Mr. W. Hewlett and Mr. E. W. Phillips as accompanists.

The first meeting of the Music Department took place in the parlors of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church on Friday afternoon, under the chairmanship of Mr. Herbert Griggs of Denver, Col. The proceedings were opened with song, Mrs. Clara E. Shilton singing When the Heart is Young, and Mr. E. W. Schuch singing Norman's Tower, both selections being received with applause, which was promptly suppressed by the chairman in the interests of business. Mr. Herbert Griggs made some opening remarks, in the course of which he made a very practical suggestion—that the staff notation might derive great benefit from the sol-fa method in modulation by placing the syllable of the incoming key over the notes of the different parts where the transition occurs. Mr. Edgar O. Silver of Boston, Mass., read a paper on The Growth of Music Among the People, an interesting subject, which was very ably handled. A strong appeal was made for increased attention to the study of music, it being claimed that no other study tended to elevate and cultivate the mind to the same degree as music. Nations and tongues are separated to day by creed, custom and ideas, but above all other earthly influence music had the power of drawing out the best in men and bringing them nearer to one another.

The next paper was one by Mr. A. Thom Cringan on Methods, illustrated by a class of young girls. It was, as might be expected, a strong advocacy of the tonic sol-fa system. It was practical and effective in its results but it led to the battle I had already looked for. The president had his fighting harness on; the rule for adjournment of the meeting was suspended and Mr. Griggs left the chair to get into the *melee*, and the discussion was earnest and emphatic, not to say heated. The fight (verbal only, of course) lasted until after six o'clock and was then continued on steps, in porch, on sidewalk and in cars. In addition to Messrs. Griggs and Cringan the following gentlemen took a hand in the mêlée: The vice-president, Mr. N. T. Glover, Akron, O.; Messrs. D. C. Gardiner, Platville, Wis.; W. H. Smith, Montreal; Mr. Congdon, St. Paul; and Messrs. Preston, Foresman, Clarke and others. As both sides carried their dead from the field of battle, I presume it may be declared a draw.

METRONOME.

A Smart Boy.

There is a good story going the rounds about a man who has become a successful merchant. A few years ago he was employed as an office boy and messenger for a large firm. He was sent to collect an account from a firm which was considered very "shaky," and was told to get the money at all hazards. The debtors gave the lad a cheque for £50. He went to the bank at once to cash it, and was told by the cashier that there were not enough funds to meet it.

"How much short?" asked the lad.

"Thirty shillings," was the answer.

It lacked but a minute or two of the time for the bank to close. The boy felt in his pockets, took out thirty shillings, and, pushing it through the window, said, "Put that to the credit of Blank & Co."

The cashier did so, whereupon the boy presented the cheque and got the money. Blank & Co. failed the next day, and their chagrin can be better imagined than described when they found out the trick that had been played upon them. This story, however, is in all probability a lie.

He Can't Help It.

Camso—I never knew a man break his word as Hojack does.

Fangle—I have always found him truthful.

Camso—Yes; but see how he stutters.—*Judge.*

A Striking Likeness.

"Mr. Weber, this is your son's photograph which he ordered. Does it not look like him?"

"Yes."

"But he has not paid me for it yet."

"That looks still more like him."—*Judge.*

His Poem did not Read Right.

An editor was sitting in his office one day, when a man entered whose brow was clothed with thunder. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B——" said the editor, trying to spell it.

"That's not a 'B'; it's an 'S,'" said the man.

"S'! Oh, yes, I see. Well, it looks like 'Sal for Dinner,' or 'Souls of Sinners,'" said the editor.

"No, sir," replied the man; "nothing of the sort. That's my name—Samuel Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day, entitled The Surcease of Sorrow."

"I don't remember it," said the editor.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the villainous title of 'Smear-case. To-morrow.'"

"A blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am an ass. (The editor coughed.) Let me show you. The first line, when I wrote it, read in this way: 'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.' That is beautiful and poetic. Now, how did your vile sheet represent it to the public? 'Lying to a weeping widow, I induce her to elope.' 'Weeping widow,' mind you. A widow! Oh, thunder and lightning! this is too much! But look at the fourth verse. That's worse yet. 'Cast thy pearls before swine, and lose them in the dirt.' He makes it read in this fashion: 'Cart thy pills before sunrise, and love them if they hurt.' Now, isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you if it isn't."

"It's hard, sir, very hard," said the editor.

"Then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight: 'Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross.' In its printed form you made me say: 'Take away the tingling horses; put some flies in for the boss.' By George! I feel like attacking somebody with your fire-shovel! But, oh! look at the sixth verse. I wrote: 'I'm weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.' When I opened your paper, and saw the line transformed into 'I'm wearing out my trowsers till they're open at the knees,' I thought that was taking it an inch too far. I fancy I have a right to murder that compositor. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the editor. "Come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed."

DENTISTRY.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
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Births.

DUNLOP—At 205 De Grassi street, on July 13, Mrs. N. Stewart Dunlop—a son.

WARREN—At Toronto, on July 8, Mrs. W. A. Warren—a daughter.

ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on July 9, Mrs. J. W. Robertson—a son.

FERGUSON—At Cookstown, on July 5, Mrs. O. B. Ferguson—a daughter.

LEONARD—At London, on July 3, Mrs. Charles W. Leonard—a daughter.

HORNING—At St. George, on July 5, Mrs. L. E. Horning—a daughter.

MACDONALD—At Toronto, on July 7, Mrs. J. A. Macdonald—a son.

HAND—At Toronto, on July 9, Mrs. James Hand—a daughter.

NICHOLSON—At Chapleau, on July 5, Mrs. H. L. Nicholson—a son.

WHITE—At Toronto, on June 21, Mrs. W. T. White—a daughter.

FLEMING—At Toronto, on July 7, Mrs. R. J. Fleming—a daughter.

CAMPBELL—At Toronto, Mrs. A. M. Campbell—a daughter.

CROMARTY—At Toronto, on July 8, Mrs. R. B. Cromarty—a son.

PARKER—At Thedford, on July 10, Mrs. R. J. Parker—a son.

DOWNEY—At Toronto, on June 27, Mrs. Alex. Downey—a daughter.

FRASER—At Toronto, on July 1, Mrs. Alexander Fraser—a daughter.

GIBSON—At Toronto Junction, on July 9, Mrs. W. G. Gibson—twins, son and daughter.

MARR—At Barrie, on July 7, Mrs. Fred Marr—a daughter.

NELSON—At Woodstock, on July 2, Mrs. Walter H. Nelson—a son.

MADDEN—At Toronto, on July 10, Mrs. Daniel Madden—a son.

DEANE—At Toronto, on July 4, Mrs. Robert W. Deane—a daughter.

Marriages.

NEILL—MERCER—At Peterboro', on June 30, Robert Neill, jun., to Angie Mercer.

NUNN—BROOKS—At Willow Grove, near Weston, on July 6 George Nunn to Penelope E. Brooks.

FATT—SUTTON—At Walkerton, on July 8th, the Rev. Fred Helling Fatt to Sarah Ellen Sutton.

JONES—FRANCIS—At Toronto, on July 11, Jno. A. Jones to Julia Francis.

BAQUE—SCOTT—At Toronto, on July 7, Louis H Barque to Harriet S. Scott.

M'CKENZIE—OSLER—At Toronto, on July 9, Mervyn Mackenzie to Ethel O Jer.

FRASER—LAMOND—At Toronto, on July 6, James Fraser to Janet Lamond.

HEATHORN—BEETON—At St. Catherines, on July 8, W. E. Heathorn to Mary Beeton.

ALEXANDER—LANGTON—At Toronto, on July 8, Joseph Edwin Alexander to Maud Langdon.

JORDISON—NICHOLSON—At Artemesia, on July 8, Charles I. Jordison to Martha E Nicholson.

BARRAS—MCKENZIE—At Toronto, on July 11, Charles Barras to Bella McKenzie.

WEBB—MILLER—At Windsor, Nova Scotia, on July 8, Arthur Alexander Webb to Hattie Howe Miller.

Deaths.

ELLIOTT—At Toronto, on July 9, Margaret Elliott, aged 23 years.

WATSON—At Blyth, on June 27, Thomas Watson, aged 76 years.

POWER—At Rancho Manzanito, Cal., on July 1, Ellen Power, aged 58 years.

COCHRANE—At Toronto, on July 10, Margaret Carlyle Cochrane, aged 74 years

SCOTT—At Toronto, on July 10, Mary Scott, aged 74 years.

SMITH—At Toronto, on July 10, Annie Smith.

FISHER—At Toronto, on July 9, Mary Ann Fisher.

ROGERS—At Toronto, on July 8, Charles Rogers, aged 74 years.

SENIOR—At Ayr, on July 10, Richard Senior, aged 78 years.

LAIDLAW—At Toronto, on July 10, Esther Laidlaw, aged 37 years.

PUTNAM—At Hamilton, on July 10, Ruby Mildred Putnam, aged 12 years.

PANTER—At Toronto, on July 14, Ethel Emma Panter, aged 10 months.

GUINANE—At Toronto, on July 14, Joseph Guinane, aged 19 years.

PIKE—At Toronto, Theresa Blackstock Pike.

SINCLAIR—At Toronto, on July 8, John Sinclair, aged 38 years.

WILSON—At Toronto, on July 5, Willie Wilson.

WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on July 9, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, aged 71 years.

MURTON—At Toronto, on July 8, William Alfred Murton, aged 35 years.

McMAHON—At Toronto, James J. McMahon, aged 34 yea s.

KORMANN—At Toronto, on July 11, Ignatius Kormann, aged 56 years.

WARREN—In the Township of Moore, Annie Edward Warren, aged 35 years.

HARWOOD—At Land Lake, on July 5, William Harwood.

LOUNT—At Bracebridge, on July 11, Charles Wesley Lount, aged 68 years.

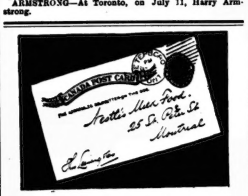
TENNANT—At Toronto, on July 12, David Tennant, aged 56 years.

LUMBERS—At Toronto, on July 12, Harriet A. Lumbers, aged 16 years.

BELL—At Toronto, on July 9, Jane F. Bell, aged 30 years.

COLLETT—At Eglinton, on July 8, Mary Ann Collett, aged 2 years.

ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on July 11, Harry Armstrong.



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SECOND DAY—2 40 class trot, purse $300. 2.32 class trot and pace, purse $300.

THIRD DAY—2.40 class trot and pace, purse $300 2 50 class trot and pace, purse $300

FOURTH DAY—2 50 class, purse $300. 2 30 class trot and pace, purse $300

FIFTH DAY—2 24 class, purse $300. two mile race, trotters and pacers, $100

Entries close July 30 Entrance fee 7½ per cent. American Trotting Association Rules to govern.

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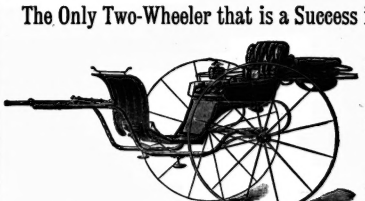

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